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SEPTEMBER

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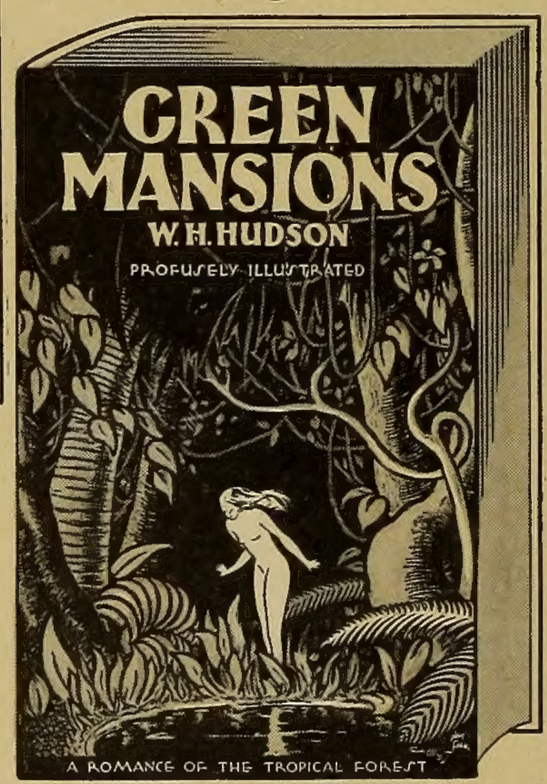

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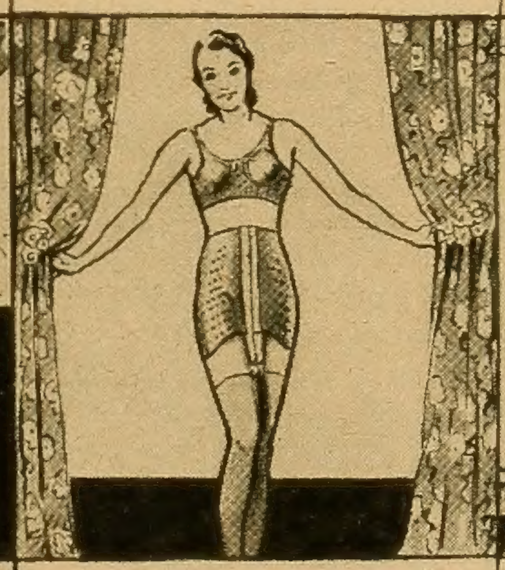

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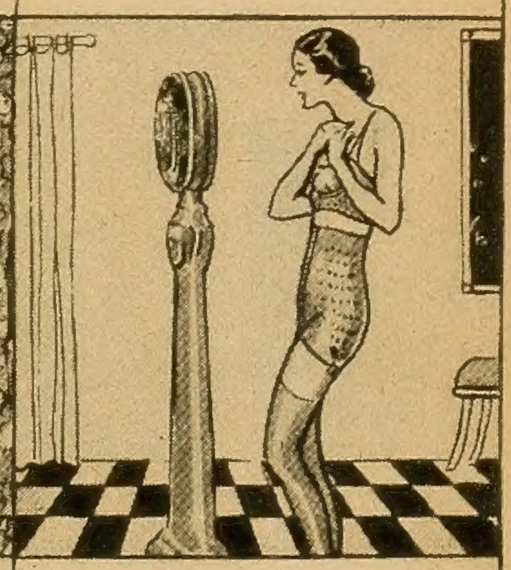

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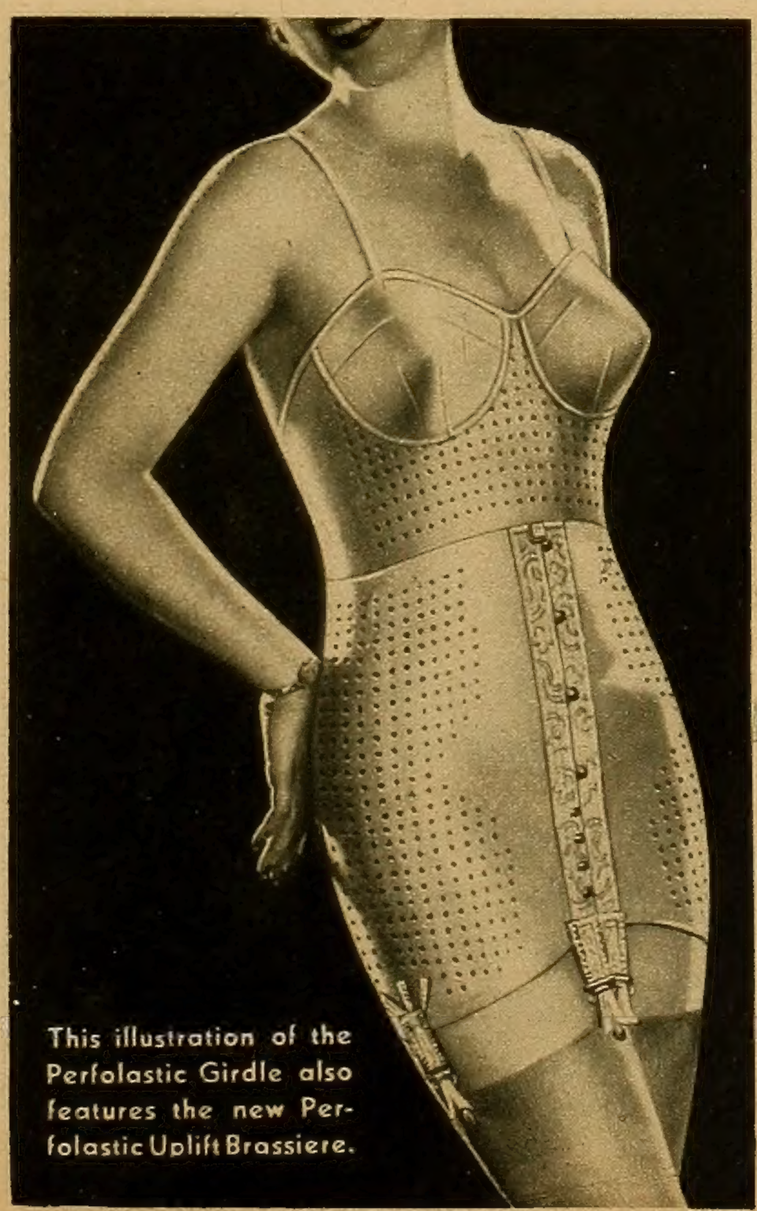

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Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 5 SEPTEMBER • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

special features

NEXT MONTH—If you've enjoyed the scintillating personality stories Herb Cruikshank has written for RADIO MIRROR, wait until you laugh over his brilliant, hilarious commentary on JOE COOK in next month's issue. They call this stellar comedian the crazy baron of Sleepless Hollow. He trades in madness and it pays him fortunes. Mr. Cruikshank has captured the real human being behind the amusing capers and brings him to you as only he can do it.

He holds the secrets of countless crimes this VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (William Sayle Taylor) whose amazing radio popularity has brought him to the attention of confidence-seeking of millions. Murderers have confessed their killings to him, women their infidelities, and in the October RADIO MIRROR you will read the psychological reasons for this nation-wide confessional.

The Morton Downeys are known as one of radio's happiest couples. His career is her life and together their biggest interest is their little baby. They plan to have a dozen children in their lifetime together. They've kept Junior Downey out of the public eye but they've told all to their friend (and yours), Mike Porter for your RADIO MIRROR.

The best known of all the news commentators, Edwin C. Hill, gives you the human side of the news. And now we give you the HUMAN SIDE OF EDWIN C. HILL, what he does away from the mike, all about his past and his plans in a thrilling story by Rose Heylbut.

They call David Ross, the Puck of radio announcers and there's a quality about this prize-winning announcer which justifies the appellation, a quality which is explained in an interesting pen-portrait of Mr. Ross appearing in the October RADIO MIRROR.

Mrs. Jack Denny, wife of the famous orchestra leader says her husband is a perfect host and she explains just how and why he fills the bill in her own story which will appear in the next issue.

Toby Malone, new recruit to the air comedians continues his adventures and romances with the professor and red-headed Margy through Peter Dixon's thrilling serial, "The Beautiful Stooge."

That's not half of what the October RADIO MIRROR holds in store for its readers. WE HAVE A WONDERFUL SURPRISE WHICH WE WON'T TELL YOU ABOUT UNTIL YOU READ THE OCTOBER NUMBER. It's worth waiting for!

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Midwest Amazes Friends!
Last night I listened to LSX talk to KFZ and also New York. Then I received KFZ direct. Then I tuned back to LSX and KFZ and heard them plainly. My friends were amazed. Dr. F. C. Naegeli, Devils Lake, N. D.

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My friends can hardly believe I paid so little for my Midwest 16. My best foreign stations are LSX, Buenos Aires . . . EAQ, Madrid . . . DJA, Germany . . . CSB, England . . . PRAC, Brasil. G. E. Wagner, 2102 Wyoming Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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My Midwest brings in thrilling programs from England, Germany, Australia, Venezuela, Columbia, Argentina and principal world stations. My friends marvel at its tone, sensitivity, power and selectivity. La Rue Thompson, Box 554, Johnstown, Pa.

Byrd Expedition Direct!
My Midwest 16 is best radio I have ever seen. It pulls stations I could never get before. Foreign reception clear as locals. Secured Spain, South America, England, Cuba, etc. Also get Byrd Expedition direct. J. H. Hudson, Loudon, Tenn.

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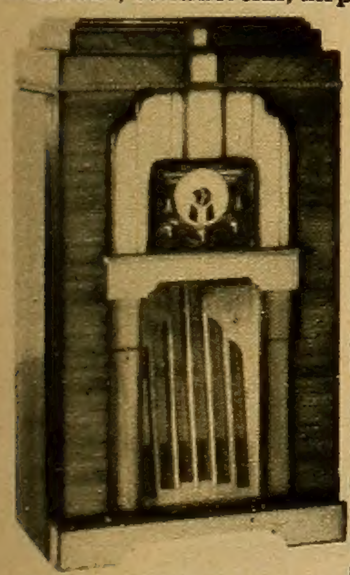

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JIMMY MELTON GOES NAUTICAL

"There's nothing like a stiff sea breeze to give you pep," says Jimmy Melton, the popular radio singer, as he and Mrs. Melton start off for a trip on their own "Melody"

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

GIVING THE LITTLE MAN A BREAK

THE other day an ambitious singer in a small middle-west town, aspiring to a radio career, wrote this magazine, "Why don't the broadcasters and the listening public give the little man a break? What chance has the unknown air artist on the smaller stations and what claims can the smaller local stations throughout the country make as to a regular audience for their studio programs?"

Our answer to that one is: the little man belongs in his little place and should be satisfied. If our inquiring reader means what opportunity has the small-town artist on his local wavelength to reach a coveted place on the big chain broadcasts, then we would say he has the same opportunities which struggling actors in small stock companies have to reach a Broadway play. Perhaps not as much, though there have been many bigtime air entertainers who have served their apprenticeship on obscure little stations just as the Clark Gables have played their seasons in miserable little touring companies before arriving at their success.

The big spots on the air are for those men and women whose talents command the fame which a chain broadcast brings them. Small stations have their right to a place on the ether. There's no doubt but that they do have a localized appeal in the area they cover. And they should emphasize that appeal to their own communities.

But, how many set owners will listen to an unknown Annie Doakes on some single-station broadcast doing her limited and hopeful best with a "Delilah" aria or even "Swanee River" when by a twist of their dials they can tune in Rosa Ponselle glorifying either number? And how many will prefer a struggling young crooner soloing with an unknown maestro's orchestra when on the same evening Bing Crosby will sing out the popular songs in his own inimitable way?

With all the surveys and charts and popularity contests which have been used in an effort to determine the size of radio audiences, the actual number who do listen in to any one broadcast is still a matter of conjecture or a good guess. And what happens to an obscure program on a small station with its limited budget for buying talent when a big broadcast goes on a coast-to-coast hookup isn't much of a hazardous surmise.

There has been considerable discussion in Washington about protecting the rights of the weaker broadcasters, of preventing a monopoly by the big chains. You can't stop the public from preferring entertainment which costs $10,000 a half hour to one that has been put together for fifty or a hundred dollars. There have been many occasions when I have turned to some small station on my set and preferred what I heard over that wavelength to what the big stations were putting on at the moment. But if I wanted dance music I would certainly rather have Lopez or Whiteman or Lombardo than some little four-piece band doing its best from an unheralded suburban dance floor.

On the other hand, I would rather listen to Sam Taub broadcasting a fight over WMCA than to hear Graham McNamee describing the same event on his national chain. That happens to be an exception to the general situation which exists in a comparison between the chains and the smaller individual stations.

The sponsors who appropriate hundreds of thousands of dollars a year would rather engage a big name even if the entertainment is inferior to the reputation than to take a chance on an unknown. And the public, given a choice of listening to Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor or Phil Baker and some hometown John Smith who hasn't arrived will, unless there is a personal interest involved, lends its ears to Jolson or Cantor or Baker.

On the other hand, many of the artists now prominent on the big chains had their humble broadcast beginnings on smaller stations and were built up through a series of sustaining programs before their talents were sold to the sponsors. But, merely because a man or woman appears on some obscure station doesn't mean that he or she couldn't compete with the better known radio performers. All they need is the break.

So that while the big broadcasters have millions to expend on a year's program of air entertainment and the small stations have their tiny individual budgets to scrape along on, the listeners will take the million-dollar entertainment they get for nothing. And if that's any kind of a monopoly then the public makes the most of it.

Julia Skavell

Harry Richman's HUNDRED LOVES

● The Romeo of Broadway who takes hearts, jobs and spotlights with a song, owes it all to radio

BY HERB CRUIKSHANK

THE "Baron of Beechhurst" they call him now. That is, along Broadway. But out in Cincinnati he's still Harry Reichman to the lads who gather at midnight to dunk a doughnut in the aromatic java served at the Manhattan Cafe, colloquially the "Big Top". For they knew Harry before he became either rich or Richman. Knew him when he paraded Fountain Square flirting with the frails. Knew him when he went window-shopping in the Emery Arcade. And when he cruised the shallow Summer waters of the beautiful Ohio aboard the good ship, "Island Queen", with its steam-spouting caliope, its bum band and its candy wheel. Cincinnati, you see, is the Baron's home town. And it remembers him. Indeed, it points with pride to its famous favorite son, now adopted by Manhattan, as it does to Eden Park, the Zoo, the inclined railway and the bridge that leads to Covington.

A lot of good Kentucky Bourbon has floated under that same bridge since Harry set his face toward the rising sun and the Grand canyon of Gotham. It was a long, long trail, and a tough trip. In those days he didn't own a rakish car, a swift yacht or a silver-winged 'plane such as now respond to his whim for travel on land, sea or air. He made the sleeper jumps in a day coach. But he got there just the same. And look where he is now.

Come August tenth Richman will be thirty-nine. But in

● Harry Richman, the other serenader, learned about songs from none other than Mae West

appearance, in manner and in heart, he remains a juvenile. A dashing juvenile, a Broadway juvenile, slender of waist, broad of shoulder, with a ready smile, a quick quip, and only his tired eyes betraying the toll taken through the years of struggle toward the top. There is that about him that suggests the dark hours before dawn. He hasn't the pallor of the midnight men, the bronze of Florida seems permanently planted on his visage. But the consummately tailored clothes, the black soft hat, the blue shirt, the heavy chain bracelet, smack of the night even when the sun shines brightest. Although, of course, when they light the lamps in Elm City, Richman passes up his fifty day-time suits and sports tweeds for the becoming formality of evening wear.

Here appearances are not (*Continued on page 58*)

HOT (and Cliry)

ON the Atlantic coast, stage stars are becoming increasingly active in radio. On the Pacific, screen stars are likewise dominating the air. It is the East versus the West in a scramble to collect some of the easy money waiting in the studios for theatrical celebrities. But to garner the shekels, you've got to have a big name, sponsors paying scant attention to the less known, no matter what their talent.

And the Big Shots among entertainers are reaping a heavy harvest. Advertisers dig deep into their jeans to satisfy their demands. Whether they step up to the mike and salute listeners with a "Hello, folks of the radio audience it's a pleasure to greet you," or sing a song or do a scene from a new picture or play, sponsors pay plenty.

Mercury has assembled some specific instances of salaries so that you may understand just how costs are advancing on the air. In the words of Bill Hay, avant courier to Amos 'n' Andy, "here they are:"

Katharine Hepburn was offered $2,500 for a single appearance on the "Hall of Fame" period on NBC but refused it. She demanded—and received—$5,000 for her performance.

John Barrymore likewise placed a value of $5,000 upon his soliloquy from "Hamlet"—and got it. Clark Gable was paid $4,000 for the few minutes it took him to present a bit from "Manhattan Melodrama" and Joan Crawford banked a check for $3,500 for doing a scene from "Sadie McKee".

George Arliss is asking $100,000 for a series of thirteen broadcasts and as this issue of RADIO MIRROR goes to press a sponsor is seriously considering him at that fabulous figure. And Jerome Kern, working on an original musical for the air, is said to have declined to do any business with an advertiser until he receives an advance of $50,000. This is big money even for radio where comics have long enjoyed emoluments almost beyond belief.

Meanwhile, to better facilitate the projection of broadcasts from the West Coast, RKO is constructing a $500,000 studio on its movie lot in the heart of Hollywood. It will be the NBC headquarters there, RKO and NBC both being subsidiaries of the Radio Corporation of America. This means that screen stars will more and more come into evidence as ether entertainers. And you can take it from Mercury, sponsors will have to reward the flicker favorites with sums equaling a King's ransom.

* * *

They say autograph collecting is dying out but you wouldn't think so if you saw the signa-

● Jimmy Durante is speechless and mortified as Betty Furness shows him his namesake—the South American toucan

ture-hounds swarming about the radio celebs at the end of every broadcast. About the only star immune from them is Cheerio. He dodges everybody and makes his entrances and exits from the air castles as mysterious as possible. When cornered he inscribes himself merely as Cheerio, keeping strictly in character. Were he to write his real name, it would be Charles K. Field, but he'll be terribly provoked at Mercury for printing it here. Mr. Field came from California to the NBC kilocycles upon the recommendation of Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Field is said to be a cousin of the late Eugene Field, the poet.

* * *

GRAPEVINE GOSSIP

Of course you know Ted Husing and the Missus are severing the ties that bind but did you hear that Lennie Hayton is Mrs. Husing's new heart interest? That's one bit of gossip that persists on Radio Row although the wise ones say Lennie is more interested in the lovely Dorothy Pulver, of San Francisco. Hayton, by the by, was dubbed the Mickey Mouse of maestros by Walter Winchell and what do you think happened? Why, admirers all over the country sent the dapper young director oodles of Mickey Mice toys. He donated a truck load of them to a children's hospital.

Coincident with the news from the Coast that Helen Morgan had signed a cinema contract at last came rumors of discord with Buddy Mashke. Mercury hopes this is just one of those Hollywood reports for Helen and Buddy did seem such a devoted couple before going Hollywood. But maybe that phrase "going Hollywood" is the explanation—so many happy marriages are wrecked when that migration occurs.

There is a lot of more gossip flying about but here are some items condensed for busy readers:

Eleanor Powell, his vocalist,

(Continued on page 60)

● Baby LeRoy, Hollywood's youngest star as he appeared on a Columbia broadcast program from California

dy Valle took band and all r wives up to Maine Camp

len Menken will be the tar of a radio dramatic series early this fall

Clark Gable's wanted for a great big air contract

the Fred Warings are waiting for the stork

Who's the blonde

ERIC M M ?

News when it's hot, gossip when it happens among the famous and newcomers of the broadcast studios

BY MERCURY

Regards to little

Jessica Dragonette's LIFE

Jessica of the golden hair wants her radio public to hold its present illusions

Though she's lovely to see, Miss Dragonette dislikes personal appearances

?

IS A SONG

Born in India, she learned music in a convent, and sang on Broadway before her air success.

By Rose Heylbut

CAN you remember ever having seen any "personal appearances" of Jessica Dragonette in the theatres of your town? The answer is correct; no, you can't. What's more, you aren't likely to see many. Jessica Dragonette doesn't go in for personal appearances. The reason why gives you the key to the character of this wistfully appealing girl who has captured and held the imagination of the vast radio public for seven years. No, there's nothing Garbo-ish about her. She isn't aloof, she isn't the least mysterious, and she's enthusiastically devoted to her hearers. She doesn't want the public to see her, though, because she's afraid of robbing folks of their illusions about her.

After that, you'll probably think that Jessica isn't so easy on the eyes. Nothing could be further from the truth. She is beautiful, in a delicate, almost fairy-like way. She measures five feet two, and weighs not quite one hundred pounds. She has wavy blonde hair with golden lights in it, and hazel eyes which reflect so many colors that she herself describes them as "plaid." Her face is oval, and her features are cameo-like and lovely. And she insists upon hiding these high-powered charms from her millions of listeners, in order that she may *go on being to each of them exactly the sort of person he wants her to be!*

One of her admirers writes to her that he imagines her a tall, voluptuous brunette. Another sees her as a pert harum-scarum with copper curls. A third addresses the handful of her as "Revered Madame." Still another insists that the peculiar charm of her voice and her radio personality could belong only to a mature woman, who has lived and suffered . . . a motherly, Schumann-Heink-ish sort of creature! And instead of resenting these pictures of her, which so clearly rob her of her real self, she'd give up anything rather than destroy them! She wants to be to each of us exactly the sort of human being we most need to complete our picture of her. If we didn't like her, she argues, we wouldn't be making these pictures!

It takes a lot of spiritual insight to realize the importance of this kind of illusion. And there you have Jessica Dragonette. She is capable of imagination herself and respects the quality in others. The only thing in the world she's afraid of is disappointing people. The spiritual quality of her singing isn't "put on"; (*Continued on page 63*)

● Guy, most famous of the Lombardos with his wife, Lily Belle; below, the Lombardo orchestra ready to play one of its inimitable arrangements over the air

Four brothers in a family that deals in romantic melody

RECENTLY the famous Doctor Willem van de Wall staged a demonstration over one of the major networks to expound the fact that musical therapy was a scientific actuality rather than the theory that it was back in the Biblical days when David drove away King Saul's blues with his harp. The effects of brass and strings and woodwinds upon human emotions were clearly shown. If, for instance you listened to Chabirer's sprightly works, gaiety was conjured in your mind. If Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" were played your saddest emotions would be liberated. Your children are likely to become playful upon hearing "The Glow Worm."

In all that scientific discussion nobody said a word about Guy Lombardo's music. But then, nobody said anything about releasing the emotion of romance. Perhaps it is just as well, because really to understand you'd have to see the Gay Lombardos in action—or rather the reaction of their hordes of gay young admirers. You'd have to visit the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the twinkling lights of the great city seem miles below; where the soft summer breezes stir the pendant, starry festoons; where shaded lights of many hues seem to filter out from hidden mysterious nooks. In such a setting, the Gay Lombardos belong. They provide for the young and adventurous a strange therapy that the young don't bother to analyze. For the staid scientist, the Lombardo tempos present a weird, almost insoluble mystery. Music may soothe the savage breast but then too, if it's the music of the Gay Lombardos, it stirs a young man's fancy and plays mis-

The gay Lombardos

Victor

Guy

Lebert

Carmen

BY MIKE PORTER

chievous tricks with a girl's heart. Music and soft lights! For there is a psychology in lights too, and who has learned the trick of it better than Guy Lombardo who himself manipulates the magic blends of brilliance and darkness, glows and diffusions, as the melodies fade from one blissful mood to another?

It is a maxim in New York that the young folks flock to wherever the Lombardos may happen to be—to save the necessity of conversation. Talk is useless and words a bother when the spell of the slow, sweet melodies exert their strange hypnosis. Heads tilt to heads, and eyes peer poignantly into eyes as the shadows glide across the polished floor. Of what use then, is conversation? Telepathy has come, and the music is the medium that transmits thought—and such thoughts as one merely remembers when the dance is over, and the gray of morning brings back the soul from its flight.

Carmen, the handsome brother of Guy croons, "Too Many Tears." And sweet young women wipe away a mist from their eyes. The dancers became languid. Some merely walk instead of dance—and then, a mellow blare of saxophones and the tempo speeds. Back to the dance and back into a mood of gaiety, the moonstruck youngsters go, and smile, until the next waltz. The swish of feet slows up; couples sway like willow trees, on almost motionless feet, breathe deeply and shake their heads half futilely as if even they believed that love could not be so sweet.

You see these pictures nightly at the Waldorf. Romance-stricken youth, loving it. The agile generation in the throes of the supreme emotion. You no longer doubt that music exerts an influence on the human breast. The Gay Lombardos are a vogue because of this, perhaps. You could get intoxicated without buying a drink.

Yet, only a few brief years ago, the sophisticated know-it-alls laughed derisively at Guy Lombardo when he brought his orchestra in from the sticks. (*Continued on page 65*)

Is Love more JANE

● Jane and her Don enjoy a cup of tea.

● She's an artist who counts love first

IF you want to see a girl, young, beautiful, talented and popular who counts her husband and domestic happiness of much more importance than anything her career can bring her in the way of public adulation, sponsors' checks or footlights contracts, gaze at the picture on this page and behold Jane Froman—who is that girl.

For she's unique and anyone looking upon what Broadway terms the grand experiment, crosses his fingers and hopes sincerely that the future holds nothing for Miss Froman which will disillusion her about her romantically extravagant gesture.

There will be aspiring actresses of the radio, screen and stage who will question her wisdom. But all the various attitudes, criticisms and denunciations will phase the petite and clever-voiced Miss Froman not one bit. She has her Don Ross and that's all she wants. In a sophisticated sphere with its affectations and its skeptics, Jane stands out like a fresh, honest female who has her mate and thanks the gods that be for her happiness.

Theatrical agents who offer her lucrative contracts and are refused, sponsors who can't understand her romanticism and a public which wonders why she hasn't been on more advantageous spots over the radio recently can find the answer in Jane Froman's home. In a modest, well-furnished apartment of Manhattan where she has breakfast for two every morning they'll find the solution to all the puzzles about this star.

Who, but Jane herself, is to say whether she's right or wrong? Sufficient it is to say she'd rather be Mrs. Don Ross and a failure than the greatest singer that ever lived and be Jane Froman without any Don in her life.

It's amazing that in a world where women fight for a chance at the spotlight, where they'll turn a cold shoulder on love and run away from real romance just to hear the compensating sound of audience applause that a girl like Jane can exist and be happy. One can only hope it lasts for her forever. This girl of the middle west with her excellent family connections, a fairly good educational background, beauty, talent and success in a field that offers her money and fame prefers the commendation and companionship of her husband to anything her career brings her.

By MARIS

than Fame to FROMAN?

● Marriage is more than fame to beautiful Jane Froman

You'll hear all around Broadway the softly spoken commiserations. "Too bad about Jane Froman that she's so much in love she's letting her big chances go by". For the facts are that Jane, whether in love or in wisdom or in both, has refused splendid offers which did not include her husband. She believes in him and feels that only in a complete partnership with him is there any real promise of her permanent happiness and success.

Jane thinks that her Don is the most talented, brilliant and attractive man in the world. Unfortunately the public hasn't quite all her enthusiasm about him—nor have the producers. He is a charming man with a cultivated voice that has not the popular appeal of Jane's. There are those who say that Don Ross will never have the success that is possible for his wife but there are others, his advocates, who say it's because he hasn't found his real medium. Jane would be the last one to admit that her husband hasn't the most promising and thrilling voice on the airwaves and Don has a profound faith in his own future.

So that the problem resolves itself down to this. They are happy—probably the most happily married couple in radio. Jane can't keep her eyes, nor her hands, off her tall husband even at rehearsals. And he reciprocates that affection. It's not feigned. You can tell the real from the stage gestures. Each has a career, so far Jane has been more successful if one judges by compensation and new offers. She believes in Don and he believes in himself. Together they are a perfect unit.

Sufficient it is to say that Jane will turn down the most flattering offer which does not include her husband, for the simple reason that she would be miserable if it were otherwise.

Where do they go from here?

If she gives up her career and encourages him in his chosen profession will she ever be sorry? And if she goes higher than he in radio, will he be miserable and how can she be happy? Certainly she can't go on indefinitely with her present attitude.

Jane happens to be a beauty with talent and personality—a combination that's much more in demand than Don Ross' type. She also happens to be a woman, terribly in love and that's why there's a story here.

Both were in the recent Ziegfeld Follies. She was the star—and what a glamorous, scintillating lead she was. He was a singer in the same company. He received excellent billing but the audiences appreciated Jane far more than her husband. Before the show had finished its New York (*Continued on page 67*)

ANNE LANE

DREAM PHANTOM

The famous of the air get secret romantic ideals. Do

BY ROBERT

● Jimmy Wallington likes the kind of a girl who knows how to wash the dishes and take care of the babies

● Ann Leaf prefers a homely man with brains, personality, loyalty and a sense of humor

● Rudy Vallee's talked about his dream girl so much but claims that he still prefers brunettes

YOU may be the Dream Girl of some famous radio star. Or some First Lady of the Ether may be holding your picture in her heart, although she has never seen you and doesn't even know you exist.

Just as you girls may muse on the stalwart man who waits somewhere in the world for you—or, boys, as you worship a mental image of some girl you have never met—just so do the men and women who have risen to radio fame have their dreams.

And the dreams sometimes DO come true, for a number of them have met and married their Dream Girls or Phantom Lovers. May you be as lucky!

I wanted to know if all men worshiped the same ideal—if all girls yearned for the same plumed knight. So I went to the NBC and the CBS, where I asked dozens of the stars to tell me what sorts of men and women appealed to them most strongly.

Here is what I learned:

Ray Knight, who writes and stars in the Wheatenaville sketches, the doings at Station KUKU, et cetera, said, "I like blondes, not too tall—say about five feet four—and weighing between 110 and 118 pounds. My ideal shouldn't be the wise-cracking sort—rather, a girl who would play straight to me. And I wouldn't want her to have too even a disposition; I'd like to have her give me an argument now and then. Why, a fellow with a disposition like mine would make any normal girl want to fight!"

GIRLS and LOVERS

confidential about their
you fill any of these bills?

EICHBERG

● Alice Joy has been associated with brunettes but says a blonde once left a dent in her heart!

● Lowell Thomas likes women to be tall, beautiful, languorous and they must have soft voices

● Leah Ray's ideal man should be tall, dark and handsome and she says he must have some money

On the other hand, gorgeous little Leah Ray, the songstress, wants her man to have an equable disposition. In addition, he must be tall, dark and handsome—and have some money. Not a lot of money, mind you, for as she says, "money isn't everything", but enough so that he can take a girl to nice places, wear good clothes, and not have to worry. In addition, he must be a real "he-man", and be interested in athletics, and similar masculine pursuits, though he need not be an athlete himself.

Breen and de Rose, the Sweethearts of the Air, are fortunate, for each is the other's ideal. May, for instance, likes dark men with big brown eyes and curly hair, while Peter favors small, dark, plump, vivacious girls.

A connoisseur is Pic Malone, whose private thoughts run to fair-complexioned women with dark red hair, violet eyes, and slim but rounded figures. (As whose don't?) While these specifications are pretty rigid, Pic is a bit nebulous as to disposition. "Would you like her to be serious, gay, intellectual or what?" I asked, and he replied, "Oh, I wouldn't care much about that as long as she was a good skate."

His partner, Pat Padgett, the other half of the Molasses and January team, merely waved his arms in a large gesture, saying, "What sort of women do *I* like best?—*All* women!"

Announcer George Hicks is like that too. He says, "Of course you know I'm married, and therefore out (*Continued on page 67*)

The Beautiful

Continuing the thrilling adventures of a comedian's fight for radio fame and of an unknown redhead's part in his career and romances at one of the big studios

THE six members of the program board waited quietly for Beth Hollister to speak. That capable, red-headed young lady didn't rush her words. And, after all, it was merely the fate of Toby Malone that hung in the balance. To the members of the board he was just another comedian. Three of them didn't like him. Three of them thought he was worth a try-out. But what did Beth Hollister think?

She absently smoothed her hair. Then she spoke.

"Gentlemen," she said. "It's on the record that Rudy Vallee was approved by the National Broadcasting Company by a narrow margin of one vote. It's also pretty well known in the business that Phil Lord—good old Seth Parker—wouldn't be on the air today if it had required a unanimous vote on the part of a program committee. The same is true of a lot of stars we all know. Don't forget we couldn't see anything in Kate Smith—and, Parker, it was you who said that Morton Downey wasn't a good bet.

Parker shook his head mournfully. It was one of his most spectacular errors in judgment.

"Gentlemen," Beth continued, after a forgiving smile at Parker, "I think Toby Malone belongs on our air and I'm for him. We'll have to work hard with him but I think listeners are going to like his comedy—and they are going to adore that girl. I hope he appreciates her!"

That settled it. Beth Hollister—Miss Brains herself—had said her say and the other members of the board knew she was right.

BY PETER DIXON

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

Which was why the press department of the Consolidated Broadcasting Company devoted a thousand words of adjectives to the humorous talents of Toby Malone a few days later. CBC had decided to give Toby the works. His first broadcast was set for Friday night of the same week.

Toby was slightly shocked by the suddenness of it all. If you went into a Broadway show there were at least three weeks of rehearsal—sometimes four and five weeks. And even a vaudeville booking was usually a few weeks in advance. But here it was Tuesday and he was to make his air début Friday night.

Toby, Margy and the Professor sat and talked it over in the professor's apartment.

"Listen babe," said Toby addressing Margy, "Now that I've clicked in a big way, you got to give up that restaurant job."

Margy shook her head.

"Not yet," she said. "You're only on the air once a week. In the meantime I'm not saying goodbye to any jobs. I'll have plenty of time to rehearse with you and I'm not deserting three meals a day until things are more certain.

Stooge

PART THREE

● Somehow or another Toby ripped off his tie and opened his collar; his hair was wildly rumpled and he had taken off his coat and thrown it over a chair

Toby was exasperated.

"Now listen," he said. "How will it sound around town, huh, if word gets out that my 'wife' is dealing 'em off the arm in a Fifty-second Street restaurant?"

"First place, Mister Toots," said Margy. "I'm not your wife. In the second place, who is going to know unless you go around telling them? And, in the third place, what I do is strictly my own business."

Toby was shocked. This girl he'd given the great opportunity was talking back to him! Not even a professional and already saying what she'd do and what she wouldn't do. Toby turned to Professor Gus. It was a time for men to hang together.

"Prof," he said. "You tell her!"

"Nope," said Professor Gus. "I never tell women anything. And there's nothing in my contract about it. Say, Toby . . . what is the . . . uh . . . recompense for this great honor of getting on the air?"

"Not much to start," said Toby. "But remember it's just a sustaining. The broadcasting company pays us; not a sponsor!"

"How much is not much," queried the professor.

"Hundred for me . . . fifty for you," said Toby.

"I say . . . you're giving me the best of it, aren't you? . . . our agreement was ten per cent. . . ."

"Listen Prof . . . the radio station said they'd let me have fifty a week for material and I guess that's yours . . . I won't chisel on you. Now hon . . . reckon you can get along on twenty-five a week?" Toby looked at Margy. He had forgotten their brief spat.

"Is that what they said they'd pay me?"

"No . . . I pay you out of my income."

"O. K. Mister. Twenty-five sounds mighty good to me. It won't cramp you?"

"Nope. Well . . . that's settled. Now listen . . . we start the series Friday night at ten o'clock . . . we got to get busy."

The professor explored his pockets and finally found the stub of a pencil. An old envelope came out of another pocket.

"Let's get it all figured out, Toby," he said, "You're on the air from 10:00 to 10:30. That's thirty minutes and a long time to be funny."

"With an orchestra" Toby explained quickly. "I'm supposed to do two six minute spots . . . and that'll be plenty. The orchestra fills in the rest of the time though they may drag in a sister act or a quartet. Wish they would drag in a sister team. I got some swell gags about sisters.

"Can't we use some of the same stuff we used for the audition?"

Toby shook his head.

"We could but I'd rather sock 'em with a new routine. We can work in the audition stuff in a later script. How about it, prof . . . feel inspired?"

"I wish I had a brandy," said the professor plaintively.

"You're one of those persons who have to have a slight edge on before you can work, I see," said Margy. Her voice wasn't unkind and she made it a statement rather than an accusation.

The professor looked embarrassed.

"No," he said. "I don't think I am. Let's get busy on the script and I'll have a brandy afterwards."

Margy rewarded him with a real smile. Toby looked first amazed and then pleased.

"Then we get to work," he said. "I got a good one. It's about a waitress—this isn't personal Margy—who uses that bright red polish on her finger nails. And I go into a restaurant, see . . . and almost bite her finger off because I think it's a radish. Think you can build that one up?"

The professor started scribbling.

The script for the first broadcast was turned in to CBC for approval by noon Friday. That afternoon, with the professor sitting on one side and making very slight last minute changes Toby drove Margy through hours of rehearsal.

"It's my big night, hon," he declared. "All the critics will be listenin'. Say, I'll bet I wow 'em too. Cantor, Pearl and Penner will have something to worry about after tonight."

Toby was in the studios a full hour before his broadcast. David Mason was there. Toby was glad to see him. The musicians were all strangers and so was Al Merriman, the production man.

"Glad to hear the audition clicked," Mason said, grinning at Toby. "I think you've got a good act. And your girl is marvelous. Your . . . uh . . . wife?

Toby hesitated.

"On the air, only," he said.

Mason laughed.

"Comedian's luck . . . a wife in the act!" he said. "It's become a radio superstition. Publicity department will eat it up, too. Oh, here's Al Merriman. He's the production man on the show. Ready for a dress rehearsal, Al?"

Merriman fumbled for his stop watch.

"Let's go," he said. "If we do it now we'll have time for a smoke before the show."

The orchestra had not rehearsed with Toby before but this, Merriman explained, was customary. He clicked his stop watch and started the rehearsal.

The gay dance tunes exhilarated Margy. This was show business at last. As she stood before the microphone, waiting for her cue from the control room, her feet beat out little steps. Then, she and Toby were into their lines.

It was a terrible rehearsal. Toby stumbled. He missed important inflections and he saw a musician yawning. Margy sensed his panic and stumbled, too. Nothing sounded funny. Punch lines that had made them chuckle at every previous rehearsal sounded weak and stale now.

By the time he was into the second half of his program, Toby was convinced that his radio career was over before it ever started. Merriman and Mason conferred with frowns in the control room.

The professor, in a folding chair tilted back against the studio wall, drew pictures on the back of one of the innumerable envelopes he carried in his pockets.

Finally it was over. Merriman came from the control room.

"We're all right on time," he said. "About a minute over but we'll cut a chorus from that blues medley. That'll fix it."

Toby looked at him anxiously. Was CBC actually going to put this terrible performance on the air? Perhaps Merriman was just waiting word to cancel the whole show and fill in with the orchestra.

"I thought it sounded pretty bad," Toby said. Radio was doing things to him. He'd never admitted he was bad before.

"Sure," said Merriman cheerfully. "It was lousy, thank goodness. If it had been a good dress rehearsal, I would have been worried. You'll be all right when you go on the air. Smoke? We've got ten minutes."

Toby smoked in the corridor outside the studio. Then he went back in and paced up and down. The musicians ignored him. Somehow or another he ripped off his tie and opened his collar; his hair was wildly rumpled and he had taken off his coat and thrown it over a chair.

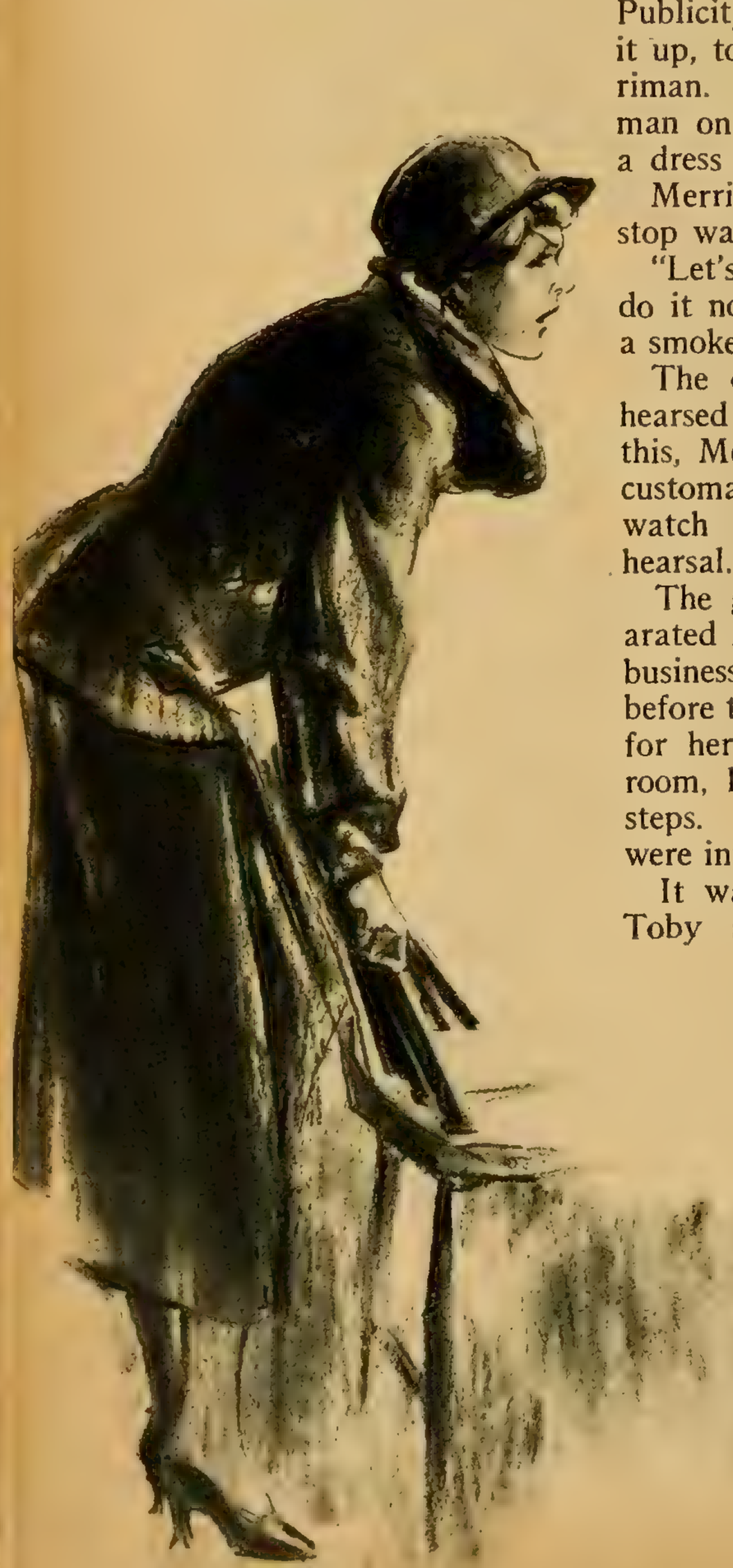
Margy sat tense and talked to the professor in low tones. Then Merriman invited the professor into the control room for the broadcast.

"Get a better slant on the material if you hear it as it sounds to the listeners," he said. The red second hand on the big studio clock raced around the dial. In less than two minutes the show was to begin. Musicians raced hurriedly to their places. The air of boredom noticeable at rehearsal was gone. The conductor called a last minute instruction.

"Thirty seconds," Mason said. "Stand by!"

The announcer kept his eyes glued on the clock. One

(*Continued on page 69*)



● "I'm glad you said that, Toby," she shot at him. "Because you can get one of those other girls for the job. I'm through!"

LILLIAN ROTH

● From a successful career in musical comedy, followed by several movie rôles, Lillian Roth has turned her blue voice on the air and is featured on the Mulsified Cocoanut Oil program over CBS

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

Looking upward toward a promising ether future, attractive Alice Hill at NBC's studios in Chicago, where she is heard with the Princess Pat players.

★

ALICE HILL

Portrait by Maurice Seymour

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

JOHNNY GREEN

Johnny Green can afford to laugh with all his success on the radio this season. He used to be a pianist-composer before he organized his own orchestra

★

EDDIE DUCHIN

Boston's gift to the popular orchestra leaders of the airwaves started his career as a pianist with Leo Reisman and succeeded his boss at the swanky Central Park Casino to become a popular band leader

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

MARY PHILLIPS

This pretty miss who is one of the newcomers to the list of featured air artists came out of Providence and got her start at one of Paul Whiteman's auditions. She appears on programs from the NBC studios

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

What made the BLUES

WHEN you stop to think of it, all the blues singers are young. Tamara, Vera Van, Frances Langford, Lee Wiley, Annette Hanshaw, Gertrude Niesen, Vivien Ruth, Ethel Shutta, Connie Gates.

Yet blues singers are not born blues singers. They are made—made by their blue experiences. It is their past mistakes and heartaches and disappointments that have colored their voices to an indigo shade. They are just sopranos or contraltos who have somehow translated their heartache and grief into their songs.

It may be their present unhappiness which they pour forth in plaintive, wistful melody. Or perhaps it is something which happened in the dim past, but which affected them so much that it colored their whole being; changed the quality of their voices. What is it that has made each of these young women a singer of the blues?

Take the case of blonde, svelte Ethel Shutta, George Olsen's wife. She's known as the happiest woman on radio row. Certainly she's got nothing to be blue about, I can hear you say. Perhaps she hasn't now, but ten years ago things were different then.

She was a sensitive, shy girl of eighteen, who just had to become an actress. All her life she had dreamed of playing Juliet, of being a Sarah Bernhardt, or an Eleanor Duse. So Ethel got a job with a stock company which was putting on high-brow shows. This was her chance, she believed. Till they were stranded after two weeks of playing to almost empty houses.

She made the rounds of the high-class booking offices, of the producers in Chicago. They had nothing for a green, inexperienced kid. She swallowed her pride and tried the vaudeville offices. Nothing doing there, either. The weeks slowly crept into months. Her money was exhausted. Still no work. In vain she tried to get a job—any kind of honest work. As a companion, as a waitress. Chicago was cold to her need. She didn't have the experience.

Left is Connie Gates who found New York a cold, hard place that left her homesick until success found her

Extreme poverty was the lot of lovely Frances Langford's childhood, but she overcame all handicaps and found fortune in success.

Tamara's early years in Russia, where she escaped from revolutionists, were a bitter time for this singer of sad songs

She just had to get work. One of the girls she met on her weary round of employment agencies told her they needed girls at the old Orpheum Burlesque House, the toughest theatre in town. When you are hungry, you can't be particular. Ethel applied and got the job.

Each performance was an ordeal. Her ears still burn with shame when she thinks of the jibes of the drunken rowdies who came to watch the show. Or rather, to watch the semi-nude figures as they danced and sang. And the songs she had to sing. She's been around a bit, since those days. She was a Ziegfeld Follies girl. Yet the songs those soubrettes sang still make her sick to the stomach.

It was several months before she got a chance to get into musical comedy. And in those months, her voice acquired some of the loneliness, the ache, the misery and despair that put her on top.

When you look at little blonde, angel-faced Vera Van,

SINGERS BLUE ?

In the pasts of the weepy-warblers of the air waves you'll find the reason for their torch songs

BY ETHEL CAREY

Annette Hanshaw had to support her mother and brother after her father's death left them all dependent on her

Above is Lee Wiley who was blind for a whole year; right, Gertrude Niesen was crossed in love before she was eighteen

you wonder how she comes into the ranks of the blues singers. When you meet her family, your wonder grows. Her mother is charming, poised, cultured. She has sheltered her Vera from the hard knocks of the world. Vera looks as if she were made for love. Yet, despite her mother's constant vigilance, Vera has gotten more heartaches in her few years than you and I get in a lifetime. For Vera, brought up to believe everything in life is fair and rosy and just what it seems, has been twice disappointed in love.

She has learned that you can't accept people at their face value. Twice she has been engaged to be married; each time she broke the engagement. On both occasions, her fiance proved himself different from what he had represented. Twice reality has smashed her illusions.

Her second disappointment in love was the real reason why she came East from California, her native state. Now she's afraid of love.

Behind the moaning, intense notes of Frances Langford, the little black-haired, black-eyed singer Rudy Vallee brought from the sticks of Florida, is the memory of an unhappy childhood. Frances' folks were miserably poor; so poor there wasn't a radio in the Langford home. Frances was a normal girl; she loved pretty, feminine clothes, silk stockings, dates with the boys. She couldn't have any of them. She was left out of everything. The earnings of her father, a nursery gardener, were hardly enough for the bare necessities of life, let alone pretty-pretties.

She had always loved to sing. Yet leading the Rip Van Winkle existence of the poor whites in the South, there wasn't one chance in a thousand of her becoming a singer. That one chance came, though through Rudy Vallee. Vallee heard her singing while he was touring the South; gave her a chance to sing with him in New Orleans, and brought her North for an audition. (*Continued on page 70*)

An ether buggy ride

MOVIE stars who talk or warble into microphones on their own Hollywood sets ought to feel at home in a broadcasting studio but take it from Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, it's an experience that leaves any camera veteran limp. The pair of funmakers who after long careers on the stage, repeated their success in west coast pictures made their radio début on the Hall of Fame hour and will appear in a series of broadcasts over a national hookup this fall.

The "mama and papa" of a dozen hilarious screen comedies have a brand of humor which is definitely suited to the rigid censorial requirements of ether programs and their introduction to a loudspeaker was a happy experiment. They were trembling and nervous but their public couldn't tell so by the material that went into a million loudspeakers.

It was no jocular act, the acute attack of microphone fright that assailed this pair of seasoned troupers the first time they were expected to be amusing over the "raddio." The pleasure, to hear the two of them tell it, was all on the listening side but they must be gluttons for punishment because they're anxious to come back for more.

Ever since the big chains started broadcasting from the west coast studios, more and more sponsors have turned to Hollywood talent for their stellar attractions. And since comedy that is both clean and funny is the most difficult to get over the ether successfully, the Ruggles-Boland combination was seized upon to cool off a sizzling nation with their breezy humor.

Now, the two of them are old hands at meeting new, appalling situations in their professions. Both of them date their humble beginning as professionals back many years to obscure stage dates that would have discouraged any but either of these troupers with their nimble tongues and

How Charlie felt

● When I do a scene for a picture where I take off my clothes and go to bed, I go through the action, taking off shirt, suit and shoes—put on pajamas and climb into bed.

It seems so darn silly to stand in front of that mike in the broadcast station and talk about taking off my clothes, dropping my shoes (which don't make a sound because I didn't take them off anyway) wind a clock that isn't even there, and after I'm all through talking, I'm standing in the same spot, fully clothed and without a sign of a bed to jump into!

It's a most futile feeling, wondering if all the sound effects come in at the right places and just hoping the audience laughed.

Well I suppose one gets used to anything after a while. It wasn't so bad as I expected, when I stop to think about it.

They're hilarious comedians to millions of radio and movie fans, this successful team of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland

By R. H. ROWAN

with "Mama" and "Papa"

Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in their radio debut diagnose their own case of "mike" fright

Mary and Charlie talk over their etherizing, receive congratulations from friends and gaze in awe at the fearsome microphone which gave them jitters

What Mary said

● My first radio broadcast.

Here we are. Now, where's Charlie Ruggles? Suppose he's late. He never is on the set. Where can he be? It's Charlie's first broadcast, too. Wonder if he's as nervous as I am? There he comes now. He doesn't look nervous.

"Hello, Charlie. It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"M-M-Mary! I'm so glad to see you!" kissing me violently. Imagine, after all these years. Charlie kissing me. Why, he's never so much as put his arm around me before and I don't see him from one picture to the next. He MUST be nervous.

It's time to go. I mustn't let the paper rattle. I mustn't let the paper rattle. This is awful. So many things can happen. And all those people staring. We're being announced. There we go.

facile wit. They studied their manuscript carefully and joked a little too much about their air date to convince anyone of their complacency or confidence.

Bigger stars than they have quaked before the poor little inoffensive mike but these two are of the type who can ad-lib and who give valuable suggestions to their directors in the construction of a laugh-making talkie. Would you think a dose of air would worry them?

But "Mike" took them for a buggy ride that had them shaken up for hours after the echo of their voices had faded from the air. We asked them to jot down their own impressions and reactions and here's what Mary Boland said happened to her when she approached her radio engagement:

"My first radio broadcast!

"It's funny when I've made numerous pictures for Paramount and haven't noticed the microphone on the set since my first picture, how terrifying the thought of a radio mike can be.

"What if I can't remember my lines, or say the wrong thing? There's no chance to call 'cut' and retake it. With millions of people listening in. It's horrible.

"Well, I know my script perfectly, anyway. But I'd better take it along just in case. Here's the broadcasting station. Where is that script? I can't remember a single line. It's in my purse somewhere. Thank goodness, here it is. I mustn't let the paper rattle. They say it makes a terrific booming sound over the air. (*Continued on page 72*)

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

VIVIENNE SEGAL

"FOUR HAWAIIANS"

JOE COOK

PHIL HARRIS

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.

It's Vacation Time

● Amos 'n' Andy take their vacation on a Chicago roof; right, Joe Cook up to old tricks at his estate, "Sleepless Hollow"

● Above, Victor Young, the ork pilot takes time off to snap pretty Fay Wray of the films

● Countess Albani enjoys an icy drink and a cool breeze; right, Bert Parks, CBS announcer, takes his vacation on the tennis courts

Lee

AFRAID OF

Lee relinquished love for a chance at radio fame

LEE WILEY'S afraid of love. Afraid of what love might do to her career. She won't risk losing her chances for success. She believes that love might interfere with what she has set out to accomplish.

It was three years ago that Lee Wiley cast love out of her life. Hers was a childhood romance which budded in her native town of Fort Gibson, Oklahoma. The man in the case was a University graduate and was being launched into his father's flourishing business when Lee suddenly decided that she wanted to sing instead of getting married. She had been singing in the village Sunday School, later in concerts at Tulsa and Muskogee, but Lee was ambitious, and that was only the beginning. Lee made up her mind that she never would be content with just settling down in Fort Gibson like the other girls of her set. She had other ideas, and what is more, she was determined to carry them out.

Her father is a retired professor, having taught at the State Normal College of Oklahoma and Lee has had an excellent educational background. She attended Muskogee High School and the University of Oklahoma.

When Lee suddenly made up her mind to leave Fort Gibson, it was quite a surprise to her people and a great shock to the boy who was in love with her. All a lover's persuasion could not change her decision and so Lee said goodbye and bravely ventured East alone and entered the portly gates of New York not knowing what the future had in store for her. Would they treat her kindly, or would she be compelled to return home crushed and disappointed. However, Lee did not for a moment ever think that she would fail. She's made of stronger stuff than that.

Some have said that Lee reached stardom without a local stop, but that is not so. It took three years of plugging and hard work to get where she is now and she feels that her future success in the radio world has only just begun.

This unusual torch singer of deep blues songs is heard on the Kraft program over the NBC-WEAF network each Thursday evening. That exceptionally fine program with the King of Jazz, Paul Whiteman, conducting and the humorous twister of words, Deems Taylor. Her audiences have been stirred and enthused by her unusual voice and dramatic ability. She not only sings but acts all the parts in the musical comedy shorts which are a regular feature of the Kraft Phoenix Cheese program these days.

What has happened to love in the meantime? Has it died, or is it just temporarily lying dormant waiting for its chance? Her Western sweetheart has tried time and time again to make Lee give up her work, come back home to marry him and live a quiet, loving and peaceful life on the Oklahoma plains. Failing in that,

B Y D O R

Wiley's ROMANCE

he has come on to New York and discussed with Lee the probability of his establishing his business here. But Lee Wiley is even more afraid now. She has tasted the thrills of recognition and nothing now is going to interfere with her plans. She says, "I love my work. I'm kept busy from morning 'til late at night with rehearsing and getting ready for each week's new musical comedy revue. I love life. I like to go places and do things, but as for love, I have no time for it, and what is more I'm going to steer clear of it."

Lee's steadfast ambition to achieve greater success has even prompted her to turn down an offer to appear in pictures.

What would you do if a moving picture contract was offered you? Wouldn't you jump at the opportunity of a motion picture career and imagine yourself the recipient of that grand salary that goes with it? I just bet you would.

Well, Miss Wiley turned it down flat. Think of it! And it was the second offer she had received.

When I asked Miss Wiley why she hadn't accepted the picture contract, she replied: "I feel that I have just found the right spot in my role on Paul Whiteman's Music Hall program. Why step out without first making the most of it and getting to the very top? After all, when I've really become a successful radio performer the chances of my becoming a successful movie star would be even more assured."

Lee Wiley impresses you that way. She is very sure about herself. Knows what she wants and intends to get it. Lee is all wrapped up in radio. She lives radio, sleeps, eats and talks radio. Her friends are all radio folks.

The tall thin girl from the plains, lives in a cozy little apartment close to NBC's Fifth Avenue studios. It's sort of a little hideaway place, inconspicuous and hard to find. If you don't know the way, the elevator man will have to guide you to the entrance of her apartment.

At a beautiful white piano one may often see her writing her own musical arrangements and practicing her songs. She has written several compositions among which are "South of My Soul," "Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere" and "My Indian Love Song" which Miss Wiley dedicated to the Campfire Girls. The day I visited Miss Wiley her 'phone rang continuously. My, how it rang! Did she run to the 'phone to answer it? I should say not. She notified her maid to "tell him I'm out," or "tell him to call back later." And no doubt many of them were admirers.

Miss Wiley is at home on a horse, having been practically brought up on one where men are men and women ride horseback However, it was a horse which caused (*Continued on page 73*)

The beautiful Wiley eyes that were blinded for a year

I S A S H E

Alice Faye

● Alice Faye, cool and beautiful in a large pastel straw hat with chiffon flower trimming; left, wearing a simple dark crepe dress with a crisp organdy collar

SINCE pretty blonde Alice Faye who got her first radio chance with Rudy Vallee's programs has been working in Fox Films she's been doing considerable cross-country travelling between pictures and broadcasts. When she comes to New York she brings along a Hollywood wardrobe and when she travels back to the picture studios her luggage contains the results of some Manhattan shopping.

For late summer and early fall, the up-and-coming Alice has chosen from her collection a few garments which she considers most suitable for her type and which she suggests to RADIO MIRROR readers as serviceable and flattering for various occasions.

When she wants to look picturesque at a garden party or an informal dinner she dons a feminine frilly gown of organdy of a soft pastel shade with ruffles on the skirt, edged with a cut-out bias of stiff white organdy. Her hat is a large straw that shades her eyes but shows her gleaming blonde tresses. It matches the dress in color and is trimmed with white chiffon flowers.

For the train trip or any occasion that calls for a suit she selects a two-piece broadcloth with belted coat and wide-lapel collar of light-weight caracul. With this outfit she wears a soft rolled-brim felt

● Miss Faye looking lovely in a ruffled organdy gown of pastel suitable for garden party or informal dance

● Ready for a day in town with navy blue tunic dress, with tucked net trimming and white accessories

hat and a dashing knitted scarf of bright colors.

When she's busy about town in the daytime she prefers a dark silk tunic dress with collar and cuffs of tucked white net and a white hat with bag and shoes to match. Another daytime frock which shows off her slender lines is a simple one-piece model with a billowy collar of organdy that is topped with a small satin bow. Her advice to girls who want to look their best at the end of the summer season and whose clothes must be cool as well as smart, is to wear simple wardrobes that are fresh and feminine, to keep the hair well-groomed and makeup always smooth without being too accentuated.

Migrating from coast to coast in the interests of her career and social inclinations has presented its sartorial problems to Miss Faye. California has been so cool this summer that the attractive little lightweight frocks she purchased in New York have reposed in her closets until she packed for a Manhattan holiday and on her arrival in the East she found that the sort of wardrobe which was ideal for Los Angeles weather was definitely unsuited. So for those who are where the weather man is most kindly disposed she recommends light-weight woolen sports frocks and the clingy satin or crêpe evening clothes. While for those enduring the rising thermometer around New York she advises simple little dresses for daytime which can easily be laundered. Or, if you prefer dark clothes for town keep several collar sets on hand.

● Miss Faye travels in a black cloth two-piece suit trimmed with lightweight caracul collar; left, note the pert felt hat with its rolled back brim and two contrasting bands

Gets all dressed up

● The swashbuckling yachtsman is Curtis Arnall (Buck Rogers of the CBS studios) and he's about to climb the mast

● Jackie Heller, tiny tenor; Gale Page and Harold Stokes, orchestra leader go sailing

Down to the Sea in

● To the right, Sylvia Froos seated with Andre Baruch on the sunny sands while Pancho, popular Tango pilot looks on

● Fray and Braggiotti, famous piano team take two friends for a short cruise on Lake Michigan

● To the left Vivienne Segal, new recruit to the air waves from the stage, goes in for a dip between broadcasts

● Ozzie Nelson, the ork pilot, and Harriet Hilliard make a romantic twosome on the sands of a Jersey resort

● Here's Gertrude Niesen, perched behind her father with Ralph Wonders, on a fishing trip

Ships and Shorts

● Thar she Blows! But that doesn't frighten Adele Ronson who saw Buck Rogers at the same climbing stunt

● Adele Ronson and Curtis Arnall of the Buck Rogers program study maps on Buck's yacht

● Left, barefoot boy and girl are Frankie Masters, orchestra leader, with Lee Belmont, comparing their catch

● Vera Van is cultivating a mahogany tan on a Long Island Beach when she isn't singing blues into the mike

● To the right are Loretta Poynton, air actress and Cyril Pitts, Chicago radio singer, painting their speed boat

The ork pilot plays an accompaniment for his eight-year-old daughter, Mary Ann, who plays child roles at the Metropolitan Opera

Knocking at Don Bestor's Door

Don Bestor and his daughter when not rehearsing scores together, keep up on radio doings by perusing your own RADIO MIRROR

Breakfast at the Don Bestors, and they're all smiling. Mrs. Bestor was formerly Frankie Klassen, and theirs was a floor-show romance

On PACIFIC

Latest happenings behind the microphones and gossipy tidbits

"HARRY," his mother calls him. "Bing" is the name by which he is best known. Some mean, irate husbands have been known to throw shoes at the receiving set and mutter something about "just another crooner."

But, girls, you'll just have to begin all over again and learn to call him Don Jose Bing Crosby. 'S a fact. Good old Bing has turned gentleman farmer.

● Curley-haired Barbara Merkley plays her harp on cross country programs on San Francisco's wavelengths

His home over on the edge of Tocula Lake near the edge of Hollywood has been doing fine service. But, now that the youngster is growin' up, and he has a private guard on watch, and people come and go at all hours of the day and night, the place isn't so big after all.

So early this summer Bing up and bought a good sized chunk of the Rancho Santa Fe holdings in San Diego County. It is near the Orange County Line, a two and a half hour ride from Los Angeles, and less than a dozen kilometers from the Pacific ocean.

There are 44 acres all told . . . count 'em. In the early days of the conquistadores the valley was a barren wilderness. In the days of the Spanish land grants thousands of acres were given to Don Mario Osuna. 'Tis said by those who know their history that the ranch buildings once sheltered General Pico's Mexican rangers in the war between Mexico and the United States. In the hey day of romantic California days it became the center for the Estudillos, the Alvarados, Picos, Bandinis and other pioneer social families.

A few years ago a real estate development dubbed the place Rancho Santa Fe and began to sell country estates. Bing not only bought some land, he went the others one better. He bought the part that has the original hacienda of Don Osuna, historic old adobe dwelling that was built in 1840. Don Jose Crosby plans to restore the place to the charm of earlier days with some tile roofs, straw-stuffed dobe bricks, wide verandahs, whitewashed walls and such.

During the warm summer months he has been busy looking the place over, supervising the planting of a few crops, putting up some buildings for the help, and taking some week-end holidays in the rolling valleys and commanding knolls.

Say, Don Crosby, how's chances of a bid to the place before you turn it into a dude ranch or somethin'?

Film chatterers, as this is being written, rush forth into print with the voluntary information that Mrs. Bing is scheduled to add twins to the Crosby roster in the summer. If this really happens while RADIO MIRROR is going to press that new rancho would make a swell nursery, what with kidnaping scares ranging 'round about. A barbed wire fence and a couple of machine guns would do the trick.

* * *

Now that we've told you about a radio singer who has turned gentleman farmer, how about hearing about a gentleman farmer who has turned singer? Who? Enrico Caruso, Jr., son of that beloved opera star of another generation.

This summer young Caruso did three "first nights" over KFWB in Hollywood. It was his first radio singing, his first radio interview and radio talk . . . all in one.

Enrico, now twenty-seven, lived for a time in France and Switzerland and for seven years in England. He made

BY DR. RALPH

the AIRWAVES

among the artists of the air studios along the West Coast

sixteen trips to the United States and for six years lived the life of a gentleman farmer on the Caruso estates near Florence in Italy. And, as hobbies, he played soccer, fenced and raced stock cars.

Three years ago he came to Hollywood and has been studying ever since. As the years go by, he looks more and more like his father . . . strong and robust, with a ruddy complexion and a penchant for developing his vocal ability.

Talkies offered the opportunity at Warner Brothers lot in the spring and he was starred in the Spanish version of Herbert's operetta "The Fortune Teller." He uses Spanish for the picture; English in broadcast and Italian for concert programs.

When you see the picture, remember that he has already made his radio debut, and some of these days you'll hear him on the national networks. Perhaps he has already made plans for a winter broadcast, while lolling on the sands during the summer days by the broad Pacific.

Anyway, he probably will not get microphonitis, which is highbrow for mike fright. A day or so before the KFWB broadcast the station put him on the air with a phoney name just to see how his voice sounded and to guard against possible microphone fright before the radio premiere. It worked.

And I almost forgot to tell you that young Caruso has been studying voice these past few years, and still is, with Adolf de la Huerta, former president of Mexico.

* * *

You've probably heard KNX with its brand new 50,000 watts. In fact you'd have to live in Bali, Pago Pago or some other isolated spot to escape it.

Mrs. Carter's boy, Jack, has been doing impersonations, song-talks and remote control announcing there for lo these many moons.

I think perhaps most people at a distance know him for his mike work at cafe spots but, to mention them by name would be too much of an ad for the eateries.

Anyway, Jack Carter was doing the announcing at an Italian restaurant over KNX not so long ago. Jack used to be an English music hall star and can wear a monocle with the best of 'em. He was waiting between numbers and humming to himself the strains of "You Ought to be in Pictures" and wondering why he wasn't.

Just then he spied a waiter getting a tip that ran into three figures. Seems as though a patron had made a big killing in oil that day and so he rewarded the faithful servitor who slung caviar et al to him.

So Jack rushed out, donned an apron, grabbed a napkin and tray. But, too late. Jack doesn't believe that opportunity knocks but once. He thinks there may be a repeat. So he wants to get on as a relief waiter in between his regular broadcast stints.

Though he was born in New York, KFRC's actor Tom Kelly must be Irish for all four grandparents were born in Dublin. Though only in the thirties, he has been starred in hundreds of plays ranging from the part of the Caliph in "Kismet" to the youthful hero in Tarkington's "Seventeen."

During war days he was in the heavy artillery and later headed the drama department in the Ithaca Conservatory of Music.

● Andy Andrews of Al Pearce's Gang illustrates his favorite signature song, "Personally I Like Spinach"

L. POWER

● Enrico Caruso, Jr., son of the famous singer, made his debut over the air this summer and has been heard several times over KFWB in Hollywood

While he has been heard recently on many drama programs from San Francisco, perhaps his best summer portrayal was the male lead in the CBS Pacific coast program called "Leaders of Tomorrow".

* * *

Clyde Doerr's house at Forest Hills, New York, stands vacant. That is, unless somebody showed up in August with something besides cigar coupons to use as money. And the Doerr saxophone octet, once a prime NBC favorite in New York, knows its leader no more.

It all came about earlier in the summer when Clyde and his wife started off for San Francisco to celebrate their seventeenth wedding anniversary. The better half packed a box of jellies and her hubby in the family chariot, and away they went to celebrate on the spot where they met and were married.

The place was chock-full of memories for both of them. So many, in fact, that they stayed there and Clyde took on a music conductor's job with NBC in San Francisco. That is why the Clyde homestead at Forest Hills no longer sways to the resounding of sax moans, and why the octet boys are minus their leader. And it looks as though Clyde wouldn't go back at all, though of course Mrs. D. might exercise the feminine prerogative and change Clyde's mind.

But California is an old stamping ground for Mr. Doerr. He studied music in San Jose, was with Art Hickman's Orchestra in San Francisco and met the future Mrs. Doerr in the bay region during the early days of the war in '17. Later they moved to New York and settled down when he started with NBC.

But, after all, the west is just as much home to them as the east. The Doerr's have a music library in their eastern home valued at $25,000. They are debating how to get it out here on the coast. This ought to be a hot tip for some of the freight departments of bus, railroad and boat lines.

* * *

Salvatore Santaella ought to do some big things in a radio-musical way these fall months.

Ten years ago he made his Los Angeles radio debut over a small station where I was announcing. At that time he was pianist with Carli Elinor's concert orchestra.

In the intervening years he has been in radio and show work, but the last year or so has been beset with all sorts of trouble.

A couple of years ago he sued a young Hollywood lady for the return of some cash and presents. Seems as though, according to the press reports, "Sally" was cruising 'round in his chummy roadster and he waved his hand to a young lady on the street corner. She waved back in return. The court testimony seemed to indicate that each thought they knew the other . . . at least until he stopped the car and she got in.

To make a long story short, in the next few months the music director "loaned" the gal some money and jewelry. Of course she said in court he was an "Indian giver" and wanted 'em back.

The resultant notoriety kind of held Santaella to the background for awhile. Then he and his wife came to the parting of the ways.

Now all that is past and Salvatore Santaella is ready to conquer new worlds and start in all over again. Out here folks forget easily, and of course there is nothing to forgive, so I can safely predict that the senor will soon be back in his old stride again in a radio-musical way.

ON THE PACIFIC

Clark Dennis seems to be about the latest "rave" in Southern California for femme eavesdroppers. The good looking lad, who voted this year for the first time, hopped from his home in Flint, Michigan, to Los Angeles with a stop-over in Chicago. In the windy city he did some vocalizing with various orchestras and stations. The first few months in Los Angeles and at KHJ were not so hot for young Mr. Dennis. In fact, though his work was excellent, nobody seemed to give him a tumble.

But, as time went on, he annexed a manager or a publicity man, and things began to pick up. His favorite pose, nonchalantly grasping a cigarette in his fingers and gazing off into space, began to appear in print. And the sweet girl listeners began to give a listen or two.

So lately he has been featured on locals and also on Raymond Paige's cross country California Melodies CBS program from Los Angeles.

Dennis, in my opinion, is just as good a bet for the talkies as was Bing Crosby. After all, Bing is candid and says his break was due to providence. Dennis, with a little coaching and providing the old ego doesn't get the top hand, would be equally as good a find. Once a Chicago life guard during the summer, he likes to swim; has blond wavy hair, tips the scales at about 150 and is almost six feet tall. And, though I don't know whether to believe it or not, 'tis said he answers all his fan mail personally. Anyway, it only costs three cents to find out.

● Dark-eyed Ella Stankevich tickles the ivories for the Russian programs over KGO. She's a graduate of the Moscow Conservatory of Music

* * *

Ed Lowry used to munch popcorn when he was master of ceremonies for coast stage shows. But that was before the days of microphones, 'n' radio and public address systems. Now he chews gum instead and is making a radio success.

Of course chewing gum isn't a panacea for getting on the air. But, at least in Ed's case, it seems to have helped some.

At the tender age of seventeen Master Lowry was in Gus Edwards' "School Days" company and the same year he was married. Then, as Lowry and Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Lowry did a vodvil tour of their own with a "kid" act.

Now the missus has given up stage life, and Ed has gone over to radio with several NBC programs from 'Frisco to do the m. c. act. What with September here at last, he'll probably have to decide whether he will spend the winter on the air or doing some of those "seven-a-day" in theatres. My guess is that he'll stick with radio, because he's getting sort of fat and lazy and doesn't like to be on the move. Just another sign of approaching old age maybe.

* * *

Harry Barris and Loyce Whiteman have all the earmarks of staging a good radio comeback.

Years ago Harry, small, energetic, always up to something or other, was one of the original Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, along with Bing Crosby and Al Rinker.

They did a personal appearance tour that was a knockout. Nobody was on time. They couldn't get along with the house managers. Something was always in the wind and so inevitably the split came.

Then Barris did pretty fair for awhile on chain and in the talkies. But he is excitable, nervous, even temperamental, and rumor hath it that both the chains put up a ban against him two years ago for some reason or other.

Over at KTM, Los Angeles, Loyce Whiteman had the makings of a fair songster, though she wasn't so awfully aggressive. But somebody gave (*Continued on page 73*)

AIR WAVES

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY

● Yasha Davidoff, NBC's new bass singer, trained his voice in Russia

11:30 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
The father of variety air programs still offering tidbits of philosophy with music.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Music Hall Symphony—Radio City Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Smoothly paced, well-balanced musical interludes.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
The big-voiced baby who's coming along.

2:00 P. M. Gene Arnold and the Commodores. WEAF and associated stations.
And he knows his notes.

3:00 P. M. Detroit Symphony Orchestra with Victor Kolar conducting. Also Wednesday at 9:00 P. M., Thursday at 4:00 P. M. and Saturday at 8:30 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
Symphonic programs for your own front porch.

3:00 P. M. Talkie Picture Time—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. (Luxor, Ltd.). WEAF and associated stations.
Movies without a screen

5:15 P. M. David Ross in Poet's Gold with orchestra conducted by Emery Deutch. WABC and associated stations.
Will tell you all about David next month.

5:30 P. M. The Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, Baritone; Chicago a Capella choir direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
Of the better sort.

5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson with Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
Two favorites holding their own through the heat.

6:30 P. M. Guy Lombardo and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra. WEAF and network.
One of the leaders getting better all the time.

7:00 P. M. Silken Strings—Charles Previn and his orchchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
All in the cause of smoothly-encased legs.

7:45 P. M. The Fitch Program—Irene Beasley, contralto. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
There's Dixie melody in her voice.

8:00 P. M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante, comedian, and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
Schnozzola with a dose of hot monologues.

● Ruth Robin, pretty singer, is heard with Charles Barnet's orchestra

8:00 P. M. George Jessel's Variety Hour. WABC and associated stations.
Jessel has certainly improved since his last series.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round — Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Pleasantly pleasing without too much excitement.

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners—Will Rogers; the Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Company). WJZ and associated stations.
An old lariat swinger taking enough rope.

9:00 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre, with Guest Stars, James Melton and Josef Pasternack's Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Jimmy's voice and good company.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, Soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
A familiar aggregation who'll please you.

9:30 P. M. Tastyeast Theatre—one-act play with Tom Powers and Leona Hogarth; Marion Parsonet, director. WJZ and associated stations.
You furnish the footlights and just tune in.

9:30 P. M. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Ford Motor Company) WABC and associated stations.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT

WITH US—

Our old friend and he's in a class by himself.

10:00 P. M. Hall of Fame; guest artists; orchestra direction of Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.): WEAF and associated stations.

They're always thinking up pleasant surprises.

10:00 P. M. Madame Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays. (Gerber & Co., Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

A grand old lady in a good spot.

10:00 P. M. Wayne King's Orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Monday. WABC and associated stations.

The waltz monarch and it's so soothing.

10:30 P. M. "Forty-Five Minutes In Hollywood". (The Borden Company). WABC and associated stations.

An ether ride to cinema city.

11:15 P. M. Little Jack Little and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

The tiny singer grown up into an ork pilot.

12:15 A. M. Russ Columbo, baritone; Jimmy Grier's orchestra—from Hollywood. WEAF and network.

He's back again to enchant the romantic ones.

● Vivienne Segal, recruited from stage stardom, is heard with Abe Lyman

● MONDAY

10:00 A. M. Breen and de Rose—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

A pair of veterans who still hold their public.

10:15 A. M. Bill and Ginger. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

A bright spot for Monday morning.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

Those inimitable gossips who'll fit into any neighborhood.

5:30 P. M. The Singing Lady—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Call the kiddies.

5:30 P. M. Jack Armstrong—All American Boy. Daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc.—Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.

One of those little acorns growing into strong oaks.

5:45 P. M. Little Orphan Annie—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Who said Annie doesn't live here any more?

5:45 P. M. The Oxol Feature—with Gordon, Dave and Bunny. Also Wednesday. (J. L. Prescott Co.). WABC and associated stations.

A new trio trying to keep bright promises.

6:15 P. M. Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O Cereals). WABC and associated stations.

More bait for juvenile ears.

6:45 P. M. Dixie Circus—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's Orchestra. (Dixie Drinking Cups). WABC and associated stations.

The grand dad of the sawdust comedians.

7:15 P. M. Gene and Glenn—Comedy sketch Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

They're very, very good at last.

7:30 P. M. The Molle Show—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, Piano; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.

A vaudeville show for the listening.

7:45 P. M. Frank Buck—dramatized jungle adventures—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.

You can hear the lions roar.

7:45 P. M. Boake Carter—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

An Oxford accent on New York headlines.

8:00 P. M. Kate Smith and orchestra conducted by Jack Miller. (Also

● Victor Young, popular director-composer on several programs

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Programs Continued on Page 74

SAVING TIME

In the

Some of your favorite stars give you recipes they try out in their own kitchens when they want to keep cool and well nourished through the warmest months of vacation

● "Surprise!" says Charles Winninger (Cap'n Henry), away from the microphone, so you guess what he's roasting in his own kitchen oven

MANY of the radio stars are still on vacations, and will return to the air this fall. While away from the microphone they have not forgotten their friends in RADIO MIRROR Homemaking Department, and many new and unusual dishes are being perfected by your favorite cooks. When they come back to the ethereal waves you may enjoy their new programs, but in the meantime try these food suggestions in your home.

This month Connie Gates tells how she frys Fresh Tomatoes; Kate Smith, whose Chocolate Cake was claimed by all, gives the recipe for making the grandest Baking Powder Biscuits you have ever eaten; Andre Baruch shows the art of frying Blue Fish; and Phil Cook prepares an unusual Three Fruit Cocktail for your next dinner party, and many other new and delicious foods.

Sally Singer whose voice you like to hear over the NBC network tells you the secret of her White Cake that you will also like very well.

WHITE CAKE

1 cup sugar	3 egg whites
½ cup crisco	⅔ cup milk
2 cups flour	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons baking powder	½ teaspoon salt

Cream the sugar and crisco. Stir in alternately the flour and dry ingredients with the milk. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten frothy but not too dry. Add vanilla, and pour into greased layer cake pans, bake in 350° F. oven until delicately browned.

Adele Ronson, the Wilma Deering in Buck Rogers of the 25th Century program makes a very delightful Chocolate Cream Pudding.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PUDDING

2 cups scalded milk	⅓ cup cold milk
5 tablespoons cornstarch	1½ squares of unsweetened chocolate
⅓ cup sugar	3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla

Scald milk with chocolate, add cornstarch, sugar, and salt diluted with cold milk. Cook over hot water 20 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened; cool slightly; add to egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry; then add vanilla. Chill and serve with cream.

You enjoy Connie Gates' warbling tones over the CBS network and we promise you her Fried Fresh Tomatoes will be as well received in your homes.

FRIED FRESH TOMATOES

5 tomatoes salt pepper

Slice the tomatoes in thin slices, or long pieces, season with salt and pepper. Place in hot buttered pan and fry slowly until slightly browned. A grand vegetable with meat

Stars' Kitchens

loaf, or a good luncheon for the children with home made biscuits, milk, and fruit.

Kate Smith is not only one of the most popular singers of the air, but she is also an exceptionally fine cook. Even her Baking Powder Biscuits are the best you have ever eaten, and this month Kate gives us her own recipe.

Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups white flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons crisco
¾ to 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening with finger tips or cut in with two knives. Add liquid and mix to a soft dough. Stir the milk in gradually. Toss onto a floured board, pat into shape and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a hot oven 450° F. until delicately browned. Brush over each biscuit with milk, before placing pan in the oven to have biscuits brown well.

Little Jack Little, whose voice can't come over the ether waves any too often for many of you fans, wants you to try his Baked Chicken with Tomato Sauce.

Baked Chicken With Tomato Sauce

Butter well a baking dish; arrange in this layers of sliced chicken that has been previously cooked, boiled rice, and tomato sauce. Cover these with buttered crumbs, and bake in a hot oven 400° F. until crumbs are nicely browned, and the chicken, rice, and the tomato sauce are very hot.

Andre Baruch, who is the best cook among the men for the month of September, makes Fried Blue Fish as only an expert might do. His formula is simply followed and you may easily become efficient in the art of frying fish.

Fried Blue Fish

Clean, and wipe the fish as dry as possible. Sprinkle with salt, dip in flour, egg and crumbs. Use an oil to fry the fish to avoid unpleasant fumes, and decrease the possibility of burning. Tartare Sauce, or Hollandaise Sauce is particularly tasty with Blue Fish.

Ted Fiorito, the West Coast maestro does equally marvelous feats with his cooking, as with that very popular orchestra of his. This recipe for Sand Tarts is well liked by the radio entertainers.

Sand Tarts

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1¾ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg white
½ cup blanched almonds
1¼ teaspoons sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Cream butter, add sugar slowly, egg and flour, sifted with the baking powder. Chill, roll about 1/6 of an inch thick, and shape with doughnut cutter. Brush over with egg white, sprinkle with the mixed sugar and cinnamon; split the almonds and arrange several pieces on each cooky. Place on a buttered sheet, and bake in a 325° F. oven about eight minutes.

If you like to serve unusual fruit cocktails for the first course of your dinner, the very eminent star, Phil Cook, gives this Three Fruit Cocktail.

Three Fruit Cocktail

5 tablespoons grapefruit juice
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar syrup
Salt
½ cup charged water
Crushed ice
Mint

Mix the ingredients in a cocktail shaker; put crushed ice in the cocktail glasses, pour in mixture and serve immediately. Garnish each cocktail with a few tiny sprigs of mint. This makes about four cocktails.

● Kate Smith admits she likes to eat what she cooks herself but so does everybody who visits her. She's queen of cooks

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

Labor Day Luncheon

Courtesy of Ovington's

● Simplicity marks this perfectly appointed luncheon table with cool glass for the last summer holiday

THIS is the final day of our summer holiday, and so we shall have an especially gala time. Our entertaining for this season will end with a delightfully cool, and refreshing luncheon for Labor Day. Every course is cold and simply served, so that a large group of friends may enjoy your hospitality without causing great fuss and work.

The luncheon is a most informal meal, with a bowl of garden flowers on the table for the centerpiece, or a well-arranged bowl of fresh fruits may be used for your country or shore home if no flowers are available. A colorful, cool luncheon cloth and napkins with dishes and silverware of a simple pattern are quite correct.

Our service of the foods is most important. The salad should be attractively arranged on the lettuce, and the Meringue Glace perfectly browned and well shaped. In the summer, more than at any other time of the year, the appeal to the eye is very important and light food combinations are more readily chosen than a heavy five- or six-course meal.

We have planned this Labor Day luncheon with all of these points in mind, and your guests will greatly appreciate the thoughtfulness of your entertaining and you will be pleased at its success.

This menu may be used for a luncheon or omit the iced consommé and serve in the evening with an ice instead of the Meringue Glace for late refreshments. It's not only what you make but how you (*Continued on page 77*)

● Honey Deane, NBC's sweet singer, considers well-groomed hands most important to any women's appearance

THE LURE OF *Lovely Hands*

WE are attracted to a woman with a beautiful face. Correct attire is undoubtedly one of her greatest assets, her perfect coiffure is indeed her crowning glory, but without lovely hands and nails she is lacking in one of the most natural and charming features of feminine beauty.

We suggest a comparatively easy method to beautify the hands, and also to maintain their youthfulness. There are several lotions to prevent redness and chapping that will keep the hands soft, smooth, and white. A milk or almond cream is one of the greatest natural preservatives. If your cuticle is not as exquisitely conditioned as you desire, a cream may be applied every night to correct it. Elizabeth Arden shows an interesting pair of soft rubber, carefully fitted gloves to be worn all night that will make the hands especially soft and white. If you are annoyed by wrinkled elbows well fitted straps will make the elbows smooth and white.

Now that the hands are well cared for the nails may be just as simply shaped and taken care of. Nail biting is an atrocious habit, and drastic measures must be used to avoid this habit becoming permanent. For children, or persons biting the nails after a severe strain, they should be painted with tincture of aloes, or wrapped in bandages.

Another undesirable feature that is common to the nails is white spots which may be removed and no longer mar the beauty of your nails. (*Continued on page* 78)

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

BY CHASE GILES

CHICAGO

MABEL ALBERTSON has a cat named Daisy. Mabel is the leading lady of Phil Baker's Friday night Armour Hours over the National Broadcasting Company's networks. The cat is slightly nuts. Mabel was telling some of her friends about the feline. Said Mabel: "He—I found out he was a he after I'd named him Daisy—he jumps straight up and down in the air. He drinks ginger ale—and anything stronger whenever he can get it. He insists upon one night a week out and when he rolls home along toward dawn he's usually growling ferociously or purring contentedly. If he's growling he stops along the way to chase all the loose dogs up trees. I have to keep him in the house most of the time . . . just to protect the dogs in the neighborhood, y'know. I had a long argument with him before I finally agreed to let him have that one night a week out. Now, early Sunday mornings he comes steaming up the walk singing the feline version of 'Sweet Adeline' and reeling from fire plug to lamp post."

● Ray Perkins, popular broadcaster, looks over Shanghai Streets at the World's Fair

In the background of the gang to which Mabel was telling the story was a stranger. Quietly he listened. Quietly he pulled a card from his pocket. He wrote something on the card, handed it to Mabel. Mabel read:

Officers of the
BURLINGTON LIARS' CLUB
after due consideration of evidence
submitted do declare that
MABEL ALBERTSON
is a full fledged LIAR, entitled to
every consideration from LIARS everywhere.
(Signed) O. C. Hulett, President.

"Liar's Club?" said Mabel. "Well, I declare. But that's true. My cat really does all those crazy things."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Hulett, reaching for the card. He brought out a different card from his pocket. He wrote Mabel's name on it. Gravely he handed it to her. She read it. It was the same as the first card . . . except it had an added line on it:

"HONORARY MEMBER OF OUR CLUB FOR LIFE"!

* * *

LOBSTER VS. ICE CREAM

Ted Weems and his band who have been playing of late at the Palmer House in Chicago were on tour when this story occurred. They checked into Scranton, Pa., to play a date. Mr. and Mrs. Weems went down to dinner. Eleanor is Mrs. Weems' first name but Ted and her intimates call her Emmie Schmaltz instead. Emmie ate a big lobster dinner. For dessert she ordered ice cream.

"O, don't do that, Emmie", said Ted. "Don't you know lobster and ice cream make people ill?"

The waiter butted in as waiters will. "Oh.

BREEZES

Latest gossip and news along the Middle West ether lanes

no, Mr. Weems," he said. "We serve that combination a lot. Why, most of our banquets are lobster dinners and everyone has ice cream for dessert. I never heard of anyone at any of those banquets getting sick from it."

So Eleanor had her ice cream. Ted went to work and Mrs. Weems went up to their rooms in the hotel. An orchestra man's wife leads a pretty lonely life when the band is on tour. Usually they don't know people in the towns where the band is playing. There's no place to go, not much to do. They read, write letters and lay around the hotel rooms. Eleanor picked up a magazine and started to read.

All of a sudden she felt dizzy, terribly dizzy. The chair she was sitting in started to rock. She looked up. The bed was weaving up and down. On the walls the pictures started to dance a macabre. The floor was billowing like the waves of the sea.

"Oh, oh," thought Eleanor, "lobster and ice cream!"

She staggered to the telephone and ordered a bottle of magnesia, a big bottle. When it came she drank the whole thing. She wondered if she was in for a swell case of food poisoning there in the hotel room in a strange town. The band was to pack up and move on to the next date early the next morning. Wouldn't it be great if she had to stay there in the hotel or move into the local hospital!

The attack of dizziness seemed to pass. Gradually things became normal again. The pictures stopped dancing, the floor became a floor again, the bed stopped trying to take off. And Eleanor heaved a sigh of relief. But she made a promise to herself right then and there . . . never again would she eat lobster and ice cream at the same meal again.

She was drowsing over her magazine when Ted returned to their rooms, the Weems work for the evening done. He burst into the room.

"Hi, there, Emmie," said Ted. "Say, what did you think of our swell earthquake?"

* * *

TOPSY AND EVA

Wonder if you knew that the Duncan Sisters of "Topsy and Eva" fame were among the first stage people ever to broadcast? No? Well, they were. And it happened right here in Chicago back in 1924. The Duncans were playing "Topsy and Eva" at the Garrick Theater. KYW ran lines into the theater building and fitted them up with a little radio studio right there. The Duncans went on the air afternoons between the matinee and the evening show. Before the broadcasts began the show was slowly dying. After they started broadcasting it became an immediate hit. Here are a couple of stage people who will always swear by—not at—radio. No one can kid them into thinking radio hurts the stage. They saw it make their own show a success when all else failed. (*Continued on page* 000)

● Tiny George Roen, actor of "Today's Children" is only eighteen months old

What do you want to know about your favorite Radio stars? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

HOW old is Tom Waring? Is he Married?—L. S., Baltimore.

He's single and thirty-one. Does that make you happy?

What is Mary Lou's real name? Is She married? What is her address?—Dorothea R., Lisbon, Me.

Muriel Wilson and she's not married. Write her at the National Broadcasting Co., Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Will you please tell me how long we'll have to do without our dear friend, Bing Crosby on the air? Bridgeport sure will be lonesome for his Monday night programs?—Jeane C., Bridgeport.

He'll be back in the fall. Give poor Bing a break. He's been working hard and needs the rest.

Why doesn't Russ Columbo broadcast any more? Does he expect to resume his broadcasting?—M. Y., Reading, Pa.

He's on the air now, singing from the Los Angeles studios.

Our club would appreciate your telling us where to write to get a photograph of the tenor, Richard Barry who sings on the air and makes Victor records?—The Cauldrons.

Care of Henry Busse's Orchestra, Columbia Studios, Chicago.

Kindly let me know what programs James Wallington announces as he is my favorite announcer. I am a great admirer of this magazine, Radio Mirror.—Mrs. L. E. H., Queens Village, L. I.

Jimmy and R. M. both thank you. He announces the Fleischmann Hour, "Let's Listen to Harris", the Hudson program, Chase and Sanborn with Eddie Cantor and Lowell Thomas.

Will you kindly tell me who Betty is on the Betty & Bob program. Is she married?—C. E. S., Springfield, Mass.

Beatrice Churchill and she's still "Miss".

Radio Mirror certainly was great this month. I like the new features very much, especially "What Do You Want to Know?" Well, here's what I want to know. When and where was Don Ameche born? Is he married? To whom?—Lucille D., Rochester, N. Y.

He was born in Kenosha, Wisc. on May 31, 1908 and he's married to Honore Prendergast. Come again, Lucille.

Who plays the role of Spencer Dean in "Crime Clues"?—Ruth B. M., Baltimore, Md.

Edward Reese.

Please tell me something about Lanny Ross's brother. I am very interested. Are Conrad Thibault and Annette Hanshaw engaged?—R. S., Brooklyn.

Lanny's younger brother is Winston, a stage actor in London who once played here in "Mrs. Moonlight". He's good looking too. No, Conrad and Annette Hanshaw are not engaged.

I am very fond of Lanny Ross and would like to know if he's as good-looking in real life as he is in his pictures? Is he going to make any more movies?—Doris G., Wenonah, N. J. Does Lanny Ross have false teeth? Where can I get a picture of him? When is Enric Madriguera on the air?—I. O. V., Mo.

The girls think Lanny's even better looking than his photograph and we'll take their word for it. He's going to make "College Humor" for Paramount. Goodness, no—he has beautiful even white teeth. Write him at NBC Studios, New York or at his own office, 598 Madison avenue, New York. Madriguera's gone to Europe and will return to the air in the fall. Now that takes care of the thirty or forty other inquirers on these two subjects.

Could you please tell us the age of Tiny Ruffner and Captain Henry?—C. D. and C. B., New Orleans, La.

Tiny's just thirty-five and Captain Henry is past sixty.

Be an angel and tell me about Ray Heatherton, will you?—Virginia G., Stamford, Conn.

We can't promise to be an angel, exactly but we'll tell you about Ray. He was born in Jersey City on June 1, 1909, he's not married, charming and handsome and likes riding.

Will you please give me a short biography of Annette Hanshaw and Jessica Dragonette?—E. Horton, Chicago.

You can read all about Jessica in this issue and we think it is a good story. As to Annette she's a native New Yorker born on October 18, 1910. She's descended from an old West Virginia family and inherits her musical ability from her father. She was educated in a convent, studied art at the National Academy of Design. She never studied music and can't read a note but won a commercial without an audition—through her phonograph records. She likes

Aren't you the flatterer, Irene! Ruth is married to Colonel Moe Snyder, a former Chicago politician who is now managing Ruth's business affairs and doing a good job of it, too.

When will George Hall and his orchestra be back in New York and on the air? Will Loretta Lee be with them?—J. L., East Paterson, N. J.

They're back this month and Miss Lee's still warbling with them.

Was Ted Husing's wife a radio performer and have they any children?—D. C., Philadelphia.

No, she is not a professional. They have a daughter, nine years old.

Where is Eddie Cantor this summer and will he be back on the air?—George D., Boston.

He's out in Hollywood, making a picture for Sam Goldwyn and he'll be back on the radio this fall.

I heard Dolores Del Rio on the air and want to know if that's her real name or if she took it for her movie career?—Norma C., Portland, Me.

Her first husband was named Jaimee Del Rio. He died in Europe. She used her own first name and her marriage name for her movie work.

Is it true that Rosemary and Priscilla Lane are sisters to the other Lane Sister team I used to see on the stage?—Frances Q., San Francisco.

There are five Lane sisters all together. Lola who's now a movie star and Lolita used to be known on the stage as the Lane Sisters. Now the younger Priscilla and Rosemary are teaming together. And they're all beautiful.

Where can I address a letter to Ruth Etting now?—Margaret G., Haverstraw.

At the R-K-O Studios in Hollywood.

Can you please tell me something about Jackie Heller? His age? Is he married?—Eve and Betty, East Haven, Conn.

He was born May 1, 1908 and is single. Ben Bernie gave him his first big air chance and he's been climbing upward each season.

Who are Betty and Bob and does Bob play on the First Nighter program? I think they both are grand.—J. L. M. L., Portland, Ore.

Beatrice Churchill plays Betty and Don Ameche is Bob. Yes, Ameche is leading man on all "First Nighter" programs.

Is the Ted Webb on Fred Allen's "Hour of Smiles" the same one who announces over WNEW, Newark?—Ellen E. C., Bridgehampton, L. I.

Theodore Webb on the "Hour of Smiles" does not announce on any station.

chocolate pudding, evening clothes, Dorothy Parker's poetry, cooking, dancing, movies, expensive perfumes, Eugene O'Neill and her brother, Frankie. She dislikes thunder, bugs, black walnuts, green, diets and public appearances. Now isn't that enough?

How can I direct a letter to Rudy Vallee? What is Will Osborne's theme song?—D. McM., Brooklyn.

Mr. Vallee's office is at 111 West 57th Street, New York and Will Osborne's theme song is "Lover".

To settle an argument will you please tell me the maiden name of Mrs. Morton Downey and where Morton met her?—T. R., St. Louis.

She was Barbara Bennett, sister to Constance and Joan. They met while they were working together in one of the nearly musical sound pictures made in New York.

To whom is Fred Waring married and have they any children?—Harriet L., Seattle, Wash.

To Evalyn Nair, a dancer. They're expecting a blessed event soon.

Have George Burns and Gracie Allen any children?—Fred S., Santa Barbara.

No, but they're planning to adopt one.

Were George Olsen and Ethel Shutta ever married before they married each other?—Helen B., Austin, Tex.

Ethel was married and divorced. It was George's first marriage.

I heard that Kate Smith is married but that she doesn't want her public to know it. Is that true?—J. L., Detroit.

If Kate were happily married she wouldn't keep it a secret. No, she's single and don't you believe anything else.

I have read several conflicting stories about Ruth Etting's husband and want you to tell us the truth because we'll believe what you say.—Irene H., Minneapolis.

By the oracle, who'll try to tell you all the things you've been wanting to know about broadcast stars, programs and personalities

"OUR PUBLIC"

TUNE IN!

The tired business man who rests comfortably in his favorite chair and tunes in on his pet broadcasts; the isolated invalid to whom her radio is her only contact with the outside world; the highbrows who want operas and lectures; the younger generation crying for more of Lombardo, Crosby and Fred Waring—they're all handing out their plaudits and making their complaints this month.

If criticism, sincerely and honestly written is any indication then the radio executives should be satisfied that their listeners all over the country are as keenly and actively concerned with their ether entertainment as when their receivers were a first novelty. The thousands of letters from every state in the union, from Canada, Hawaii, from Bermuda and Mexico all testify to the importance of air programs in the everyday life of countless citizens.

We asked for it and we got it—an avalanche of opinions, covering every feature of broadcasting. They've panned the artists and praised them; they've criticized the ether bosses and complimented some of the sponsors.

AND WE WELCOME IT! In fact we invite them to go further and say exactly what they think about all the individual broadcasters and the various programs to which they listen.

It's the only way we can find out just what the public thinks of its air entertainment.

Remember this is your department—it belongs to every reader of Radio Mirror, the spot where you speak your mind, and don't be afraid of the truth. Also, don't hesitate to ask for what you don't see in your Radio Mirror. It's your magazine and we want you to like it!

Not only are we anxious to have your opinions but we'll pay you for them. The best letter of criticism or commendation on radio programs, or for suggestions on how to improve radio broadcasting will receive TWENTY DOLLARS; the second best, TEN DOLLARS and the next five ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Letters are to contain not more than 200 words and should be addressed to CRITICISM EDITOR, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

This month's prize letters are:

$20.00 PRIZE

Radio would be just about perfect if the following annoyances could be banished from the air waves:

The lady who sobs on the shoulder of a defenseless microphone.

The man who recites his song instead of singing it. (This one should be tarred and feathered).

The emotional actress who emotes "Pawst" for past when she is fully aware we know her real name is Minnie Putz.

The crackling paper as the promising political aspirant turns page after page of his parrot-speech.

The sickening pause, during which the hero is supposed to be osculating the heroine.

Queries and answers where speakers are reading their parts.

Infants, who tax one's nervous system with their addresses to Mammas and Papas and Cousin Sophies on the air.

Radio Mirror stands at the mecca in its field.

Barbara Cecrle,
Chicago, Ill.

$10.00 PRIZE

These fussbudgets who are always and forever kicking about advertising talk over the radio give me a pain.

They are asked to listen to a few minutes advertising in return for many, many minutes of genuine entertainment. And they squawk—wildly and loudly.

All right—but where would our splendid programs of today be without the backing of these same advertisers. How could we listen to the highest priced comedians and singers—the great symphonies of the world—opera—the voices of science and medicine and education—if it were not for these few minutes advertising talk the sponsor so apologetically inserts in his program.

I, for one, am always willing to listen to their little say —however boring it might be—for I understand that they must get something in return for what they give, and that something is our attention for just a few moments.

It's fair and square, isn't it? They give you what you want; good, splendid radio entertainment, and you give them what they want: a few minutes indulgence and attention.

Now for just a few words about Radio Mirror. Of course I like it—who wouldn't. It's the finest magazine of its kind—a regular Who's Who of Radioland, a program guide, and fiction entertainment, all in one. Keep up the good work in bringing us the latest in the radio world and its people.

Carl Moore,
Eureka, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

We, at my home, are great lovers of music. The radio has finally provided us with the variety and quality of musical entertainment that an assiduously wound-up phonograph and a much-punished baby grand never could supply. We enjoy each program intensely, popular and high-brow, and the galaxy of artists that is brought to us.

But . . . would it be possible for announcers to give us information about a presentation *after* we have judged it, rather than before? In the case of an artist, we may not wax attentive until we discover we are attracted to his style. And in the presentation of musical numbers, it would be something of a mental gymnastic to attempt to "hold" each title in mind until we determine whether or not it pleases.

As an amateur musician, I often would like to purchase the sheet music or recording of a new discovery. But, alas, its title and composer, are gone, too soon!

So, to sum up, I believe that following up a performance with an identification would lead to greater audience appreciation and intelligence. And after all, isn't that the artistic aim of radio?

Dorothy D. Willette,
Minneapolis, Minn.

$1.00 PRIZE

This is my third copy of the Radio Mirror. Last month I intended to write and ask you for some less well-known Eastern talent, and a little more of our own beloved stars and announcers, and lo! and behold, this month I received it without asking!

I'm a rabid radio fan, and my personal opinion is, that if the kickers would look around their dials practically any time of the day or night, they would find anything they were looking for! I think the studios are putting a fine, well balanced broadcast on the air every day, and still keep on improving day by day.

The Radio Mirror has their improvement in, as far as I am concerned, so put my name on your list of satisfied customers and permanent readers, please!

Mrs. Vern S. Brouse,
Chicago, Ill.

BROADCASTING

$1.00 PRIZE

I am curious to know how many ardent fans like myself would like to hear educational programs arranged for busy adults who love music (not Jazz), but who have neither time nor opportunity to study? Such programs, scheduled for the evening to include office people, should cover the motives and melodies that make up classical music, and should pave the way for keener appreciation of good music. Most music lovers take this art for granted, and music is scheduled for those who already are familiar with it. Anyone who has acquired his entire musical education from the radio as I have done will thoroughly enjoy a weekly program which lays the foundation for true appreciation of heavier music.

And why must radio stations observe daylight saving time? We who live on the Pacific Coast find that all our favorite programs from the east are off the air by the time we are able to settle down for a comfortable evening.

H. A. Isaac,
Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

Personally, I like the advertising when it is not overdone. There are many wonderful products that I knew nothing about that I discovered by listening to radio programs. I sent for samples or investigated, and am now using many things which have become indispensable to me and my family. I am grateful that so many artists in every line, whom I would have known only by name, have been introduced to me in this way. The same thing is true of speakers, music, news events, etc. A listener can always tune off, and get an electrical transcription or something worthwhile, when he gets tired of a program.

My chief criticisms are: 1—Loud, noisy voices; 2—Long introductions to a program. I like the programs that start right in, like "Amos 'n' Andy", for instance, or a Wayne King program; 3—Chestnut jokes; 4—Raucous laughter; 5—Wasted time in too much wisecracking, which might go over well on a vaudeville program, but is lost on the airways.

Miss Emeroi C. Stacy,
Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

I do research work and a recent survey was in regard to radio data.

The opinion seems to prevail that interesting programs may be dialed at almost any time, but that there is a dearth of Saturday evening entertainment for a quiet home folk who do not dance.

Jazz, blues singers, and boop-a-doopers received the "blackest eyes," and some family heads complained that their children were so intent on the children's programs at the dinner hour that it interfered with their eating.

Musical programs are most popular for busy hours because people like being entertained without trying to catch words. Forenoon broadcasts, however, seem practically wasted, afternoons slightly better, but from six o'clock on is the great listening-in period.

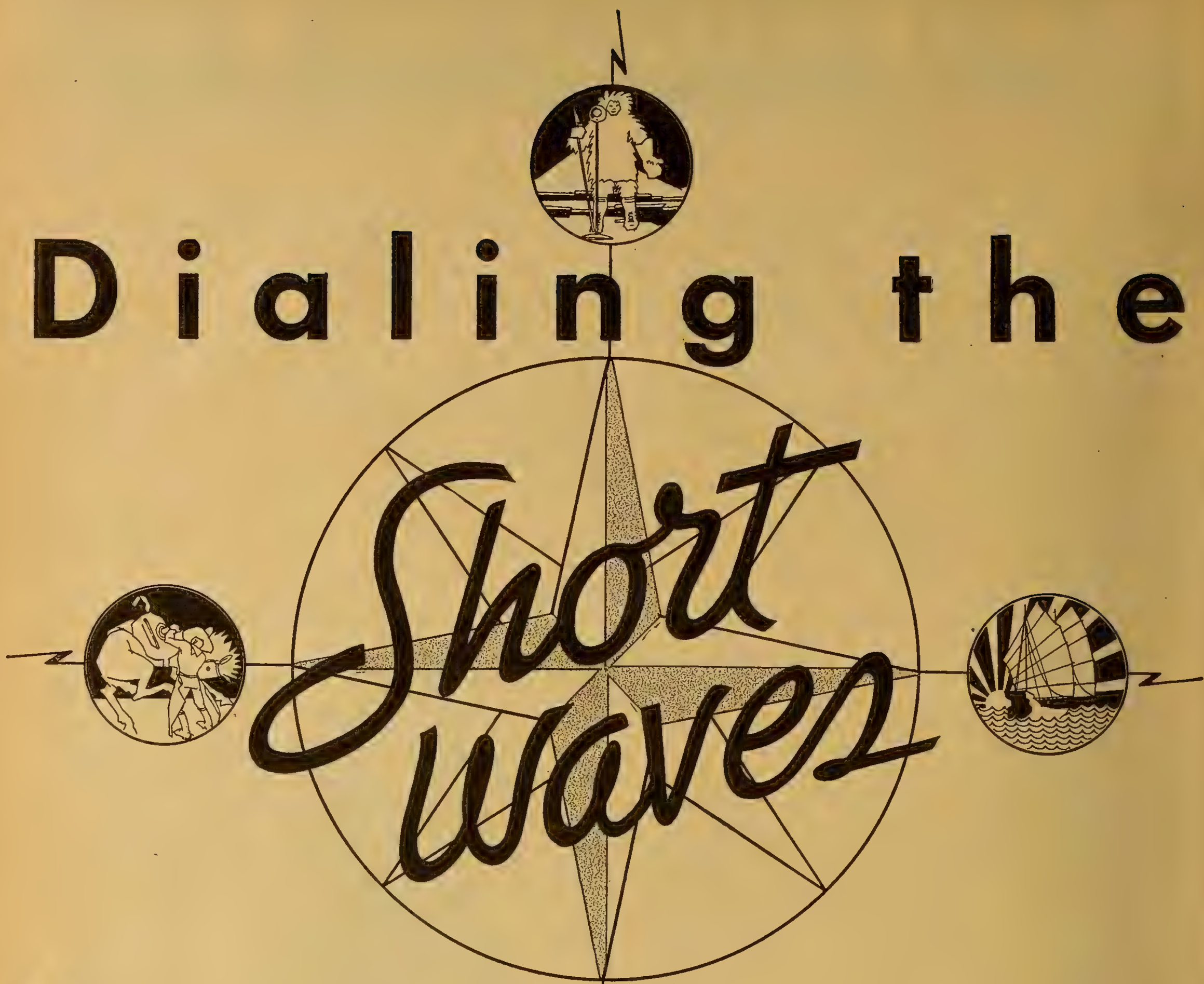
A radio feature desired by many women is a series of talks by wives of prominent men, about their husbands' home lives.

"A radio education for a thin dime" is the way a friend of mine expressed his delight over Radio Mirror. It spotlights the most interesting events and the most charming people on the air, and to me it is a rendezvous where I meet the radio world face to face.

Tracy E. Ruppe,
Mifflinburg, Pa.

● Johnnie Davis and "Poley" McClintock make their living playing in Fred Waring's band, but here they're just horses to Priscilla Lane's "giddyap"

Dialing the Short Waves



IF members of your family complain when you sit up until 5:00 A. M., you can at least point with pride to the fact that you're in mighty good company.

Among the members of the Short Wave Fraternity are the son of a former President of the United States, a world-famous aviator, an internationally known inventor, one of America's leading surgeons, a financial genius, any number of radio and stage stars, several diplomats, the greatest living writer of detective stories, the foremost authority on etiquette, and nearly everybody who has bought a radio set since all-wave receivers were first put on the market.

The Short Wave Fraternity, of which you are a member—you wouldn't be reading this department if you weren't—includes the most interesting group of people in the world. Let's take a glance at a few of the more prominent men and women who find enjoyment and relaxation in pulling in signals from the far corners of the earth. Many of them, incidentally, are real, dyed-in-the wool "hams", owning their own licensed amateur stations, through which they can talk to other short wave enthusiasts in all parts of the world.

First we find Herbert Hoover, Junior, son of the former President of the United States.

He is not only a short wave listener, but is an amateur as well, operating a transmitter from his home in California. But the Hoovers are too well known to warrant a repetition of Herbert Junior's biography here. Maybe you'll pick him up some night, though.

In the meantime, let's meet one of the other "hams" (the term by which amateurs refer to each other).

Perhaps the most famous is Frank Hawks, the aviator, who flew from California to New York in twelve hours, twenty-five minutes and three seconds, establishing a world's record for the trip, on August 13, 1930.

Chief Hawks—for he was made an honorary chief of the Sioux Indians a year after his record-breaking flight—should have had his fill of speedy travel, for he has hurled himself from city to city in his racing plane, establishing more point-to-point records than any other man in the history of aviation. But no; he rides the air even when not flying, for he is an ardent short wave fan, operating transmitter and receiver.

Hawks was born in Marshalltown, Iowa, on March 28, 1897, and entered the United States Air Service, where he served as an instructor until 1919, when he left to become adviser on aviation for the Texas Company—the same concern that sponsors Ed Wynn in his Fire Chief broadcasts. The (*Continued on page* 80)

$500.00

SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER

SIXTY-SEVEN CASH PRIZES FOR WINNING ENTRIES

HERE is the second set of scrambled personality composite pictures. Reassembling and identifying them will take you two-thirds through the contest when you add them to last month's pictures. If you entered last month you need no further information. If you did not enter last month you still have ample time to get into the money. Read the rules carefully. Then unscramble the four composites below. Put the resulting pictures aside until the final set is published next month. In the meantime, if you are a new reader of RADIO MIRROR and did not see last month's issue, send a request to the address in Rule 6 and Set No. 1 will be forwarded to you gratis. Solve it as you have this month's set and you will be on even terms with the field. Don't miss this opportunity to pick up some easy money. Your chance to win is excellent. If you can use some extra cash get into this game right now!

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, *Each* $10.00	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each* $5.00	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each* $2.00	100.00
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	$500.00

THE RULES

1 Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known radio personalities.

2 Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3 For the nearest correctly assembled, named and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits RADIO MIRROR will award $500.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4 Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5 Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.

6 When your entry is complete send it by first-class mail to SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7 No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8 Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9 All entries must be rceived on or before Monday, October 15, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 2

Name .....

.....

Name .....

.....

Name .....

.....

Name .....

.....

WATCH FOR THE FINAL COMPOSITES NEXT MONTH!

Harry Richman's Hundred Loves

(*Continued from page 7*)

deceptive, for Harry's claim to fame rests distinctly with the night clubs. He has starred in plays and pictures, and his rousing songs have sent thrilling quivers along the air waves. But his success dates from the days, and nights, of the Club Wigwam. And the greatest monument to his achievement is the Club Richman, the only night spot ever named for an entertainer. It was Harry's own club, and although he doesn't work there any more, the lights still blaze through the night in unending tribute to a boy who made good.

Perhaps his career had its actual genesis in the kid days when a music-loving family forced its young hopeful through the childish tortures of piano practice. Such trifles affect life. At four he was running those scales. And he ran 'em for years afterward. In school he pounded out the march music to which the other youngsters trooped into the auditorium. From such small beginnings Richman grew. If it hadn't been for that do-re-mi business Harry might have been a truck-driver, a life-guard, a clothing salesman, or, by preference, a pugilist. He has delved a little into each occupation. Then, again, he might have completed the electrical engineering course which he took at the Ohio Mechanics Institute. As it was he wearied of this routine, and was discovered by the family pawing the ivories of a dance hall music box. That was the blow-off, and when the smoke cleared, Harry didn't live there any more.

HE tried Chicago, and teamed with a fiddler called Remington. Things seemed on the up-beat when a booker got the combination twenty bucks for three days work. And this soft touch was followed by an even more lucrative engagement. Fifty a week for twelve weeks! The boys were in the money. And Harry's heart was freed of the fear that he might have to return to Cincy and the job of driving a delivery truck for a Mr. Cohen, who was in the shoe business.

But somehow or other Richman and Remington failed to slay 'em, or even to lay 'em in the aisles. Briefly, the team failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the yokels on the tiny-time circuit. They stayed away from the theatres in great numbers. The act was cancelled. The team split up. Harry still wanted to be a piano player. But at the moment it seemed expedient that he give his undivided attention to the job he seecured in the cloak and suit industry. Then about this time, things got all noisy on the Western Front, and Richman changed from job to gob. He joined the Navy. But he didn't see the world. He sang his way through the war, for Uncle Sam decided that Harry'd be a bigger help as a singer than a shooter. And Uncle Sam was right.

After the Armistice, Bert Lytell, mustered out of the Army, continued to serve his country in a Los Angeles Victory Loan drive. Bert was in command of a regulation Army tank enthusing the citizenry with sufficient patriotic fervor to make them shell out their shekels. Let Bert tell it:

"Our tank sold more Victory Bonds than any of the others for the simple reason that we had a singing sailor aboard. This boy wowed 'em wherever and whenever he appeared. Dressed in his sailor's uniform he climbed on the tank and sang "The Rose of No Man's Land" and others of the war songs. When he got through, gosh, how the money rolled in! Years later I met and recognized the lad. His name was, and is, Harry Richman."

So Harry did his bit. And finally found himself again in mufti, still with a hankering for the life of a professional entertainer. He haunted the booking offices and was a regular caller at the music publishing houses. But his efforts weren't ravingly successful, until, back in 1921, he happened to visit the offices of the music publisher, William K. Harris, in Chicago, and there he met a girl who started him once again on the up-beat. The blonde had been a lady weight-lifter in vaudeville, until she decided that possessing both brain and brawn, it was far more sensible to use her head than her hands. So she established herself in another routine which called for the presence of a piano player who could sing during her costume changes and play opposite her in a couple of skits. Harry got the job, and during that year and the one following he toured the Keith Circuit with Mae West.

He hit New York with radio just beginning to emerge from obscurity, and as a singer over Station WHN he won a certain popularity with the crystal set air-fans. These were the days when Nils Grantlund, "NTG", saw the possibilities of fame and fortune snatched from the ether, and used, quite literally, to run through the streets dragging talent to his microphone. That was how Helen Morgan got her start. And Harry Richman, too. He warbled for hours each day. And never got a cent. That went on for four years. But during the long months he laid the foundation for the career that was to reward him so liberally later. Now, as you know, his 1934-35 contracts star him over the NBC network of twenty-six stations at plenty of pennies per broadcast.

NOT only has Harry developed into a vaudeville headliner in his own right, but he is a "Follies" star, and was featured in two editions of the "Scandals". In "Putting on the Ritz" he took his fling at films, and with his Hollywood experience came the romance that shadowed any of Harry's many amours with beautiful babies in the black bold-face type of the public prints. This, of course, was the incident with Clara Bow, the blazing "Brooklyn Bonfire." Now the true details may be told.

Richman was big on Broadway. And he had his own following among the radio ravers and the phonograph platter players. But to the film fans he was only a name, and not a name that set the gals gurgling. They weren't familiar with the Richman brand of spell-binding. So, said the movie men, something must be done to make Harry a household word. And as the old softies of the cinema believe implicitly that all the world loves a lover, they set out to headline Richman as a Romeo. This wasn't too difficult, for it is a role that Harry loves to play, and plays it well, at that. But every travelling salesman must have his farmer's daughter. And right there was where the curvacious, titian-tressed Clara came on the scene.

It began as a press-agent stunt. But the producers hadn't figured on the flint and steel combination of Bow and Richman. Before they knew it a real spark of love kindled into a blazing romance that hit every page-one in the country. Clara's theme song was, "I'm Just Mad About Harry, and Harry's Wild About Me." And it was true. When they were separated the long distance wires buzzed, and the Telephone Company paid its dividends. When they met following absences, there were fervid embraces while cameras clicked. When they were together, there were heat waves in both New York and California. It was genuine. And marks one of Richman's closest contacts with matrimony.

BUT that kind of sizzling romance doesn't thrive too well when hearts and lips are parted by three thousand miles of trans-continental scenery. And the blow-off came in a manner naively described by a bulletin far too precious to be omitted from this chronicle. It says:

"Then one day Richman picked up his morning newspaper, and there he read that Clara Bow had married. *That was his first intimation that all was not going well!*"

So much for the love affair of Rex Bell and Clara Bow, happily wed, and now anticipating the arrival of a little Tinker Bell, or Jungle Bell, or whatever their youngster may be christened. But, all the same, Clara hasn't forgotten Harry. Nor Harry Clara. Even with Rex around she lauds the loving of her ex-Lothario. And Harry still can sigh and get a far-away look in his eye when Clara's name is mentioned. It was, they agree, beautiful while it lasted. No broken hearts, and no regrets.

In those days, particularly, there was an odd triangle, and the third angle of it was Max Rosenblum, the clever, carefree, playboy champion known in prize-ring parlance as "Smacksie Maxie". The boys were great pals, and Clara fitted in fine with their fun. Wherever Harry and Clara went Maxie was sure to go. And when Richman was working, it would be Rosenblum who squired Clara. Harry has always wanted to be a pugilist. Max would swop his champ's crown to be an entertainer. As a matter of fact, he plans right now to toss it in the air to be

scrambled for by the contenders while he devotes himself to a stage and screen career. He and Harry used to box together. And to this day, Maxie's imitation of Harry singing his "Vagabond Song", remains not only the star piece of the Rosenblum repertoire, but is the best, bar none, of the Richman mimicries.

Recently Harry has been doing some remunerative barn-storming in the hot spots of Chicago and the swank winter resorts of Miami. No greater tribute to his flaming, magnetic artistry could be offered than that unconsciously provided by a star-team that returned to New York after a not too successful engagement in the Everglade State. There's always an alibi for a flop, and this one was:

"No, it wasn't so good, but what do you expect, we had Harry Richman for competition!"

With the Beechhurst manor, the Southern estate, the 'plane, the car, the yacht, all the fame and fortune that is Richman's, perhaps you think his $4,000 bed is indeed a bed of roses, and that the mirrored ceilings of his boudoir reflect only happy hours. To be sure, Harry's life has its moments. But it isn't all skittles and beer, nor for that matter, champagne and caviar.

IN addition to his broadcasting contract, Harry is bringing all of Broadway, and the snobby Avenues to the East, as well, over the bridge to the palisade-perched rendezvous of Ben Marden's "Riviera", a night-club where chic sophistication blossoms amid rural surroundings. There, as at the hameau in old Versailles, the belles and beaux of the Main Stem play at being rustics and quaff their wine from the modern equivalents of the old oaken bucket. And Harry is the Number One attraction.

By the time the revellers are ready to call it a night, every rooster on the Jersey side has greeted the dawn. And before Richman can catch some shut-eye, the subways are crowded with us working class. There's no dreaming till dusk schedule, either. For rehearsals must be held in the great, empty studios of Radio City. Records must be made, and a thousand and one details essential to the occupancy of stardom's pinnacle demand attention. On the nights of the actual broadcast, there's a mad dash from the club to the studio with sirens screaming through the night. And with his last note still throbbing on the air, Harry's rushing back to his clamoring public. Real rest, actual leisure, is unknown to him. It's not such a sinecure. Not so soft a touch.

But maybe rest and quietude have no place in Richman's colorful career. For color is what Harry has nothing else but. He radiates personality, and is possessed of an electrically magnetic power. He has the dash and swagger of a real Broadway buccaneer. Color is part of his entire scheme of things. It shows in the way he sells a song. And it is reflected in the gaudy hues he affects in everything from neckwear to the paint-job on his motor-car. He's full of wise-cracking gaiety for the

New discovery adds solid flesh quick..!

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

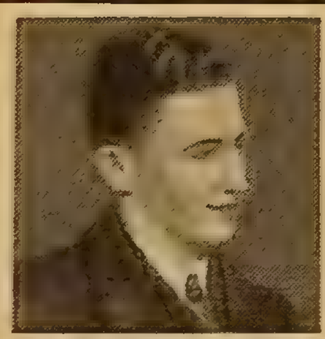
TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*


Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 229, Atlanta, Ga.

I thought I was different

I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

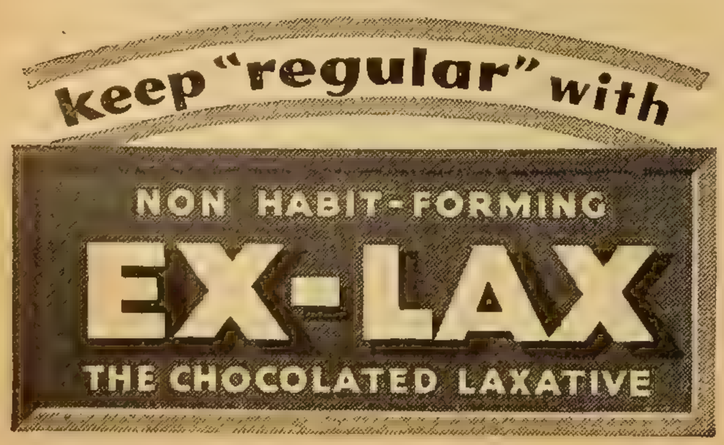
I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.



boys, and he's a mean whisperer of sweet nothings into receptive feminine ears.

You might never suspect it, but beneath this hard, worldly veneer, the man is sensitive, soft-hearted and far-sighted. He can be easily hurt, easily affected. His private charities are many, and always the cause is deserving. And for the future there's a million dollar trust fund. They won't be playing benefits for H. Richman. Not ever.

He abhors fat and keeps himself trim with gymnasium work-outs and such sensible, moderate exercise as is offered on the golf links. Golf, he deems, is a half-way mark between bridge and tennis, to which he is not addicted. He's a push-over for "the bite", as the request for a loan is termed along the Street. But he expects repayment. He's a sucker for auction sales, too, with a particular penchant for ivory elephants. The possession of these as luck tokens is among his superstitions, and another is fishing from the port side of a boat, and the port side only.

His fan mail runs into the thousands, and most of the letters are from women. He's a violin player and an eater-upper of vegetable salads. His first pair of long trousers and his first salary arrived simultaneously. Although he never took a vocal lesson in his life, the late Enrico Caruso was so impressed by both his voice and personality that he urged him to study opera abroad. He has a radio in every room of the Beechhurst place, and its spacious closets are crammed with clothes and shoes and walking sticks by the score. Beside Mae West he played piano for the Dolly Sisters. He's written songs, and some of them have been as good as "Walking My Baby Back Home".

The late Otto Kahn once telephoned him an offer to buy his night-club lock, stock and barrel for his son, Roger Wolfe Kahn, and Harry thought it was a gag. He says he wants to get married. But he never does. And he advises girls not to marry actors, which may be in self defense. He won't return to Hollywood, he says. Rather generously, he credits radio with his success. He owns a book. In fact, quite a library, well bound. One of his early shows was called, "Have You Seen Stella?" Nobody had, and nobody gave a damn. Perhaps the most favored of his hobbies is the collection of firearms accumulated over a period of years. And if a Mr. J. Dillinger reads this he'll learn that Harry would greatly appreciate the wooden gun with which he played that little joke in Indiana. That is, if Mr. Dillinger has quite finished with it. It was Harry, by the way, who believes Dillinger deserves credit for teaching the kiddies of America to play with wooden pistols instead of real ones.

Hot and Airy

(*Continued from page 9*)

is now first in the affections of Abe Lyman, the band man . . . Don Bigelow and Dorothy Dodd have become very congenial companions . . . Grace Hayes, the warbler and the former Mrs. Charles Foy, is scheduled to marry Newell Chase, her accompanist, early next year . . . Dick Powell is squiring Mary Brian . . . Irene Beasley and a certain Chicago steel magnate are very much thisway about each other . . . And George Givot is plotting to make Marcella Napp, assistant casting director of MGM, the Grik Hambassadress.

* * *

There is some sort of a regulation forbidding the use of broadcasting stations for personal messages but that didn't stop Conductor Freddy Martin from popping the question while courting the lady who now presides over the Martin menage. It is one of the most interesting radio romances that Mercury has heard. First, you must understand that Freddy was a very diffident lover. He wanted, oh so much, to ask Lillian, whom he met while playing on the Hotel Bossert roof in Brooklyn, to be his wife but lacked the courage. So he hit upon an idea. He phoned one night requesting her to tune in on his program, listen especially to the second, fourth and sixth numbers and then wire him her reactions. The second number was "I Love You", the fourth "Will You Be Mine?" and the sixth "There's a Preacher Man Waiting". The significance, of course, was at once grasped by Lillian, who dispatched a telegram merely containing the title of another song. It was "You Name The Date and Place and I'll Be There."

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

Rudy Vallee is more of a musician than some people give him credit. He plays not only all the saxophones but also the clarinet and piano . . . Although he is no gum-chewer other times, "Lazy Bill" Huggins always faces the mike with a big quid of gum in his cheek for luck . . . Frank Parker has a gun once used by General Custer in fighting the Indians. William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") came into possession of the historic weapon upon Custer's death and he in turn presented it to E. W. Fish, the artist, who recently gave it to Parker . . . Evelyn Morror, the New England sculptress, has made a bust of Paul Keast, the CBS baritone . . . Ruth Etting is a very practical person. She junked every piece of machinery possible on her Nebraska farm that employment might be given to more men . . . Joe Penner, upon returning to the airlanes in the autumn, will use scripts prepared by Parke Levy, author of his motion picture . . . Jimmy Kemper has parted with his tonsils . . . Elliot Shaw, of The Revelers, made his debut as a boy soprano in a church in, so help me, What Cheer, Iowa . . . The Four Eton Boys have joined the colony of radio artists living at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., this summer . . . Ed Wynn, aided and abetted by Graham Mc-

Namee, resumes his Fire Chief frivolities early in September . . . Rhoda Arnold, the contralto frequently heard in duets with Charles Carlile, is the daughter of John Jacob Arnold, the Chicago banker.

By the death of a distant relative Howard White, of the Landt Trio and White, came into a legacy of $45. But the lawyer settling the estate put in a bill for $52 covering the expense of locating White, who declined to be the beneficiary under those circumstances.

* * *

Wonder if you know that years ago Vincent Lopez and Jimmy Durante both worked in a Brooklyn honky-tonk run by Al Capone, then known as Al Brown . . . Reference to Durante reminds that he and Dave Rubinoff didn't hit it off like Cantor and Rubinoff did. The man with the fiddle thought that Jimmy should rib him like Cantor did and resented not being razzed, if you can beat that . . . Reggie Childs, the bandman, was christened Reginald Victor McKenzie Childs by his English parents. He is a direct descendant of the late Sir William McKenzie.

* * *

For months dance band leaders have been chafing at the bit because they couldn't add to their instruments the vibroharp which Don Bestor has been employing so skillfully. Six months more and Bestor's exclusive rights to it expire and then you can expect every dance orchestra on the air performing on vibroharps. This instrument looks like a piano, sounds like a combination of organ, harpsichord and chimes and is operated by electrical air pressure. Bestor discovered it in a funeral parlor in upstate New York!

* * *

Will Rogers has at least one trait in common with the late Flo Ziegfeld. He seldom, if ever, writes a letter but is one of the best friends the Postal and Western Union ever had.

* * *

SPEAKING OF QUOTES

By a strange coincidence there came to Mercury's desk one hot day this summer a dozen more or less philosophical observations from radio celebrities. Most of them sounding reminiscent, the suspicion was born that books of quotations were being widely consulted by broadcasters—or their press agents. Here are a few samples and if "Hot and Airy" readers recognize any of their favorites among them don't blame Mercury.

Wilfred Glenn, of The Revelers: "There's always a critic around the corner willing to spike the wine of success with razzberry juice".

Max Baer, heavyweight champion of the world: "Fame is like a lady's painted face—it seems more beautiful viewed from a distance."

Phil Duey, of The Men About Town: "One first-class enemy is worth five fifth-rate friends in New York."

Elliot Shaw, of The Revelers: "Success is the best medicine for curing the headache of obscurity".

Gene, of Gene and Glenn: "Sometimes too much of the old oil will grease a guy's own skids".

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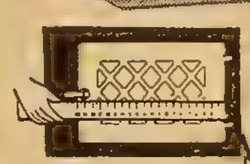

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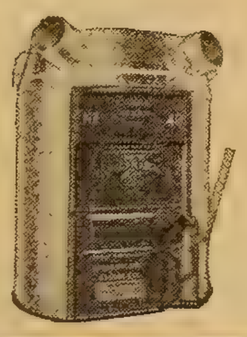

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Glenn, of ditto: "Everybody along Broadway beats his own drum loudly and continuously to drown out the catcalls".

Frank Parker, the tenor: "The only reason most people give away advice is because it isn't worth anything."

Frank Black, NBC's general musical director: "There's a lesson in the fact that every discarded pile of ashes was once a lustrous flame admired by all".

* * *

Russ Columbo, whose overnight success went to his head and resulted in his suspension from the air for two years, is back on the NBC channels. Now 27, Russ is said to have acquired considerable wisdom in the interval. His experience in Hollywood, too, should cause him to think twice before going on one of those temperamental sprees. They accomplished nothing but retarded the success of a really talented entertainer and a most likeable personality when he is himself.

* * *

A newspaper in the mid-West recently referred to the maestro of the Chevrolet program as "the late Victor Young". The editor was promptly advised of the error by Victor in these words: "That line referring to me as 'The late Victor Young' must have sent a thrill of joy through many a worthy home. Though I am loath to spoil sport, common candor compels me to state that I am still very much alive."

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS

Male readers skip this item: "Googie" being George Burns' pet name for Gracie Allen, she has "Googie" embroidered on all her undies, so help me! . . . The man they call "Tiny" Ruffner on the Show Boat and Maria Certo Matinee programs on NBC stands six feet seven in his socks and is built accordingly. His real name is Edmund Birch Ruffner and he is a favorite son of Crawfordsville, Indiana . . . Ruth Robin, vocalist with Charlie Barnet's Cocoanut Grove orchestra, is a sister of Leo Robin, the song writer . . . What's in a name? When they sing on the Rudy Vallee variety period, Marshall Smith, Del Porter and Ray Johnson are the Three Country Gentlemen. With Reggie Child's orchestra they are the Three Youngsters.

The father of Betty Rice, 9-year-old star of CBS's Dixie Circus, is the chief equestrian with the Hagenbeck Wallace circus. Her grandmother was Effie Dutton, famous bareback rider with P. T. Barnum a half century ago . . . Somebody should advise broadcasters that it was Noah, not Daniel, Webster who compiled the dictionary. Twice in one week Mercury heard radio speakers quote definitions from "Daniel" Webster's lexicon . . . The Beale Street Boys, Negro singers, two years ago were waiters in a Memphis, Tenn., hotel . . . In a survey of a 100,000 rural residents conducted by a farm journal Amos 'n' Andy ranked first in listener interest by a comfortable majority . . . The boys, now enjoying their first vacation in four years, return to the airlines in mid September.

Guy Lombardo's 7-year-old daughter, Rose Marie, took first prize in a school singing contest at London, Ontario, and the bandman is prouder of that than his new commercial on NBC . . . Which reminds that Baby Rose Marie was so named by her father, Frank Conroy, the actor, because she was born the same night the Hammerstein musical production, "Rose Marie," was produced in New York . . . Mark Warnow, Charles Carlile and Ted Husing are driving up to the Columbia studios these days in brand new cars.

* * *

Ray Perkins has had a hard time trying to make up his mind whether or not he wants to be a broadcaster. He made his radio debut in 1926 over WJZ but quit to become advertising solicitor for a New York magazine. Then he went to Hollywood as head of the Warner Brothers' musical department. While there he wrote a number of songs for the pictures, among them "Under the Texas Moon" and "Lady Luck." In 1930 he returned to broadcasting and at the moment is appearing on several programs; but that is no assurance a sudden whim won't take him away to an entirely new line of endeavor.

* * *

Harry Richman, night club entertainer extravagantly exploited by the New York columnists, features a large portrait of himself on his personal stationery. He must believe his notices.

* * *

Gertrude Berg, for her own amusement and her own motion picture camera, has made a two-reel film of The Goldbergs. But she won't let Hollywood make a movie version of the radio serial for love nor money.

* * *

Conductor Don Bigelow plays a piccolo now but time was when he manipulated the drums. He switched to the small flute because it cost so much to transport the percussion instruments around the country. Bigelow is the only bandleader playing the piccolo as a solo instrument.

* * *

The Men About Town are going in strong for that anonymous singer thing. Frank Luther started it by becoming "Your Lover" on the National networks. Now Jack Parker is doing the same thing—he's "The Tin-Type Tenor." Any day now you can expect Phil Duey, the remaining member of the trio, to blossom forth as "The Singing Schoolmaster"—or something.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor recently observed their 20th wedding anniversary by throwing a big party in Hollywood. Among the guests were Eddie Buzzell and his fiancee, Sally Clarke. To say nothing of the whole Cantor clan. But Buzzell was there under sufferance, Ida Cantor having relented at the last minute in her determination to exclude him from the festivities. The reason was that Buzzell shortly before the party pulled a faux pas. He took the two eldest Cantor girls to a night club and while they were there the place was raided by the police! The Cantor kids enjoyed it but Ida was furious.

Jessica Dragonette's Life Is a Song

(*Continued from page* 11)

neither is it accidental. It's the best possible expression of herself.

Jessica Dragonette is her real name, except that there's a Valentina between the two, put there because she made her positively first appearance on the world's stage on St. Valentine's Day. She was born in Calcutta, in far-off India, of American parents. She lived there until she was six, and still has vivid memories of bazaars and palm trees and temple bells and quaintly dressed women with burning eyes. When she was six, her family came back home, and Jessica was sent to school, to St. Mary's Convent, in Lakewood, New Jersey. The school occupies the magnificent residence of the late George Gould, *Georgian* Court. There she learned French, music, sewing, polite behavior, and the lives of the saints. There she became the favorite of the gentle nuns, who soon saw that the child had unusual musical gifts, and taught her piano before her hands were big enough to stretch an octave. And there, too, she first sang.

FOR a time, Jessica cherished the hope of becoming a nun herself. But as she tasted the strange rapture that swept over her as she sang in the choir at Mass, she knew that her best hope of service lay in developing the gift within her. And that is what you hear in her singing . . . the desire of a deeply mystic nature to serve art and people with the same devotion that marks the life of a nun.

At seventeen, Jessica was graduated from St. Mary's, and made her way to New York, to study music seriously and try her luck in the world. And then came days of work, and struggles that would have disheartened anyone but a person animated by an unshakable faith. The story goes that Jessica once had a job in a women's quartette, directed by Roxy. The job wasn't full time . . . and neither was the pay. And Jessica had no other work. Finally, Roxy noticed that she looked wan and drawn . . . as though she mightn't be having enough to eat! Not knowing the mettle of the tiny blonde soprano, he offered to help her, beyond her salary. And there and then, Jessica left the room and never returned. She won't accept anything she hasn't earned. It's easier for her to give than to take, anyway.

When she was eighteen, and studying only a month, she tried out for the only solo part in the great Max Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle* . . . you remember the spectacle; Rosamond Pinchot and Lady Diana Manners alternated in the rôle of The Nun. The solo part was An Angel's Voice, and called for a contralto singer, never to be seen by the audience and pour out heavenly music from a box at the top of the house, over the stage clouds. Jessica tried out as a contralto, and was turned down in less time than it takes to tell it. The next day she came

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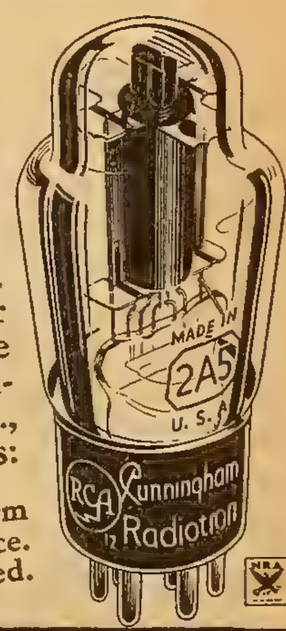


RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

back, and tried out again, as a natural soprano. The great Reinhardt was dumbfounded . . . partly at the daring of this unknown young candidate, who didn't sing as a contralto ought to, and partly at the glorious freshness of the voice. And that time he sent the other applicants home, and hired Jessica on the spot.

Possibly that first invisible job was prophetic that the young singer was destined to score her greatest success invisibly, with an unseen audience. Jessica sang her Angel's music, and the great of Broadway, who knew nothing of invisible singers and cared less, began to ask who this girl was. The great Chaliapin witnessed the performance, and then rushed to embrace Reinhardt, congratulating him not upon the production, but on having discovered "one of the purest voices of the age."

BY the time *The Miracle* had ended its run, the unseen singer had made a place for herself. Offers began pouring in. Before she was twenty, she sang the prima donna rôle of *Kathie* in *The Student Prince*. Then came a featured part in *The Grand Street Follies* where Jessica was praised not only for singing and acting, but for her clever gift of mimicry. By that time she was well started on the highroad of stage success. The glamorous and well-paying field of musical comedy was beckoning to her. And then she was invited to sing an audition at NBC.

Jessica accepted the invitation, she tells you, simply as "an experience." This new thing, radio, was arousing a lot of attention, and a young singer ought to know what it was all about. Then, after the audition, she was signed up to appear in a series of musical comedies NBC was putting on. Her first appearance was a terrible disappointment. There she was, in a closed-in little room, with only an unresponsive black "mike" to sing to. She tells you she felt positively foolish, trying to smile and act at that microphone. And when she'd finished, there wasn't a sound; not a handclap, not the least wave of feeling from people, to let her know she'd done well. She sneaked out of that studio silently, crushed. She felt she'd made a horrible mess of it.

And then, the next day, mail reached her. Letters poured in by the thousands, from old and young, rich and poor, high and humble, all over the country! No theatre in the world could hold a fractional part of the audience that had listened to her and then told her about it in a personal way! The rest of the story belongs to you as much as to Jessica Dragonette.

With a brilliant stage career looming ahead of her, she deliberately turned her back on the footlights, and gave her attention to the new thing, radio, that was young as she was young. She did so because she was deeply impressed by the vast scope of the thing, and the chance it offered for reaching people in a personal way. She tells you that at first she thought of radio as "a theatre without a last row." But she's changed her mind about that. It isn't a theatre at all. It's a pass-key into people's homes. That is where she visualizes her listeners; that is where she wants to meet them.

Yes, she spends a lot of time thinking about her listeners. She answers all her vast fan mail herself. And the letters she gets reveal the fact that Jessica Dragonette is more than just another voice to those listeners. She is strangely close to them . . . or maybe not so strangely. That "certain thing" in her singing enters people's hearts; does something chemical to their very souls.

For instance . . . A society leader wrote to Jessica that she had listened to her over the air for the first time on the "recommendation" of the garage mechanic who repaired her car. Jessica wrote back promptly, asking who the garage man was, and then sent him a letter of warm thanks. An old bookbinder in Indiana listens to her every week, and sends her a gold star, for good behavior when her singing pleases him most. She eagerly awaits those gold stars, and if a week passes without one, she writes to ask what she has done that's wrong. A farmer's wife in Tennessee wrote that she had named a new blooded calf *Jessica*, "In honor of the grandest voice on the air." Our Jessica at once wanted to do something really fine for this namesake of hers, and went out to buy her a bell. Finding it difficult to locate an honest-to-goodness cow-bell along Broadway, she finally ordered one made specially. And then when she went to call for the bell, and the maker found out who she was, he wouldn't take a penny of payment for it! But the best of all, perhaps, is the coffin-maker out in Denver, who sent her a huge picture frame, weighing seven pounds, which he had cast for her out of coffin metal! He made two frames, he wrote; one he kept for her picture, and the other he sent her, "as a little souvenir."

Maybe there's a laugh back of stories like that, but there's something else again behind the laugh. Something significant. It means that Jessica Dragonette "gets you" through a definitely appealing personality, that lets you glimpse the simple, human warmth in her, at the same time it touches a responsive chord in you. And that's perhaps the greatest power in the world, voice or no voice.

There's a great deal more to Jessica than good looks and glorious singing. She's immensely in earnest about things. She has studied and mastered the purely technical side of radio; she feels she can do a more co-operative job when she knows exactly what the control man wants. When you see her at her work, "singing up" to the microphone, and stepping back ever so slightly for the high notes, you're watching the results of expert study. Since her radio début, she has sung, acted, recited, played Shakespeare and modern comedy, performed popular ballads, and classic songs in seven languages, including Hungarian. She has a repertoire of over six hundred songs, and can give six months of programs without once repeating. She is the first air artist to do both singing and talking; she allows no "doubling" in the spoken parts. The public may call her "The Jenny Lind of the Air," but to studio officials, she is "The Handy Girl of Radio."

She lives well, but not ostentatiously, in an upper-floor apartment overlooking the river. She makes her home with her sister. On her desk lie two dolls; a Biblical seven-branched candle-stick; a book on sculpture; a box of standard-brand chocolates, the kind you take home to Mother; a well-worn volume of poems . . . and *no* picture of herself. There's no picture of herself in the whole living-room. She is deeply fond of poetry and has written . . . and published . . . a great deal of it herself. She loves reading, music, horse-back riding, talking to people, going to plays, bowling, and eating raw carrots. The only things she really dislikes are meanness, caviar, and having to refuse to do anything at all that may be asked of her. She is deeply and sincerely religious. She hasn't married, because she's had no time for it. Someday, though, she wants to marry, and then she will devote herself to homemaking as whole-heartedly as she now gives herself to her work. And she expects to go into the movies! At first the idea worried her. Her listeners would get a good look at her, and then they'd be disappointed at not finding her tall, dark, fat, carrotty, dignified, flippant, classical, motherly, or tough. But it won't be so bad, she thinks, because she'll be "in character" anyway, and you have plenty of nice illusions about screen people. She has 'em herself, so she knows.

SHE believes that people are all fundamentally romantic. She doesn't drink or smoke, and she isn't what Greenwich Villagers call "modern" in her ideas about life and living. But she has a grand sense of humor. Her favorite play is *Peter Pan* and she wants somebody to make it into an opera, for her to sing. Her favorite classical piece is Schubert's *Ave Maria*. Her ambition, she tells you, is to be "a really outstanding singer." And just so that you don't go away with the idea that she's exclusively spiritual, she roller-skates and skips rope on the roof of her apartment house, and takes dancing lessons, and just loves pretty clothes! Jessica Dragonette is a regular girl. You'd like her, just as much as you do her singing.

THE MORTON DOWNEYS' DOZEN CHILDREN!

Morton and Barbara Downey plan to have twelve offsprings as a family group. The only domestic member of the famous BENNETT SISTERS tells about her home life with one of radio's most popular singers in the OCTOBER issue of RADIO MIRROR.

The Gay Lombardos

(*Continued from page* 13)

They told him New York wanted hot tunes. Guy told them he didn't know how to play hot tunes. And they answered that he'd better go back to the sticks. That was in the fall of 1929.

But before you can understand how the then twenty-six-year-old band leader felt, we shall have to turn back the pages a bit. It was nearly six years ago that the Lombardos drifted into New York from Chicago with their simple music that Broadway promptly dubbed as "corny." Guy was, and still is a handsome, personable chap, and so are his brothers. In fact all ten members of the band are pretty snappy looking lads. But they constituted just another band. Their leader was just another target for the song-pluggers. The pokey melodies didn't take New York by storm any more than Guy Lombardo had expected. The truth of the matter is that cold, cruel Gotham bent, if any at all, a frigid, unresponsive ear. Then it was that an old-timer stepped up to Guy and said:

"SON, you seem to be a pretty nice feller. Well, then, let me give you a bit of friendly advice. I know Broadway and the crowd in this town. Get rid of that slow music and get hot. Give it to 'em fast and sizzling."

Guy answered him simply.

"We don't know that stuff," he said. "If New York doesn't want us—well, then we'll go back to Chicago."

I saw that same old-timer at the Waldorf the other night. He was dancing with a girl ten years younger than himself. His eyes were closed, and his expression reminded me of a calf.

About that time, Rudy Vallee, who seems to have an oracular sense that tells him what the public will want, was featuring, or perhaps annoying, the public with a new slow kind of music. Lombardo knew that, but he believed that his own technique was different. It certainly had an individual touch. And he had Chicago and Cleveland behind him. They "went for" his music in those places, and maybe New York would get around to it, eventually. And meanwhile he tried doing the rich orchestrations that had characterized Vincent Lopez. It was no soap. He just couldn't. Then he tried for the fire of B. A. Rolfe, who was going hells bells at that period. But the band just couldn't "give."

"I'm a fool for trying that stuff," Guy told himself. "I'm going to stick to the slow, sweet and simple."

Is he glad today? Is the town glad? Would an average weekly paycheck of $8,000 make you glad? Would you like to own (and be able to maintain) a yacht? Two homes, one at a beach, the other on Riverside Drive? That's what the slow sweet and simple got Guy. And he deserves it all, because he's a hard working lad who plays hard, too. Otherwise he must have cracked up long ago.

Ten years the Lombardos have been going the slow, sweet and simple. And I know personally of at least ten other bands that have been trying to echo the Lombardos. The funny part of it is, the slow music of Lombardo is as difficult for imitators as the intricate orchestrations and flashy rhythms were for the Lombardos. When I tell you that Lombardo has as many imitators as Wayne King, you can understand the popularity of adding machines.

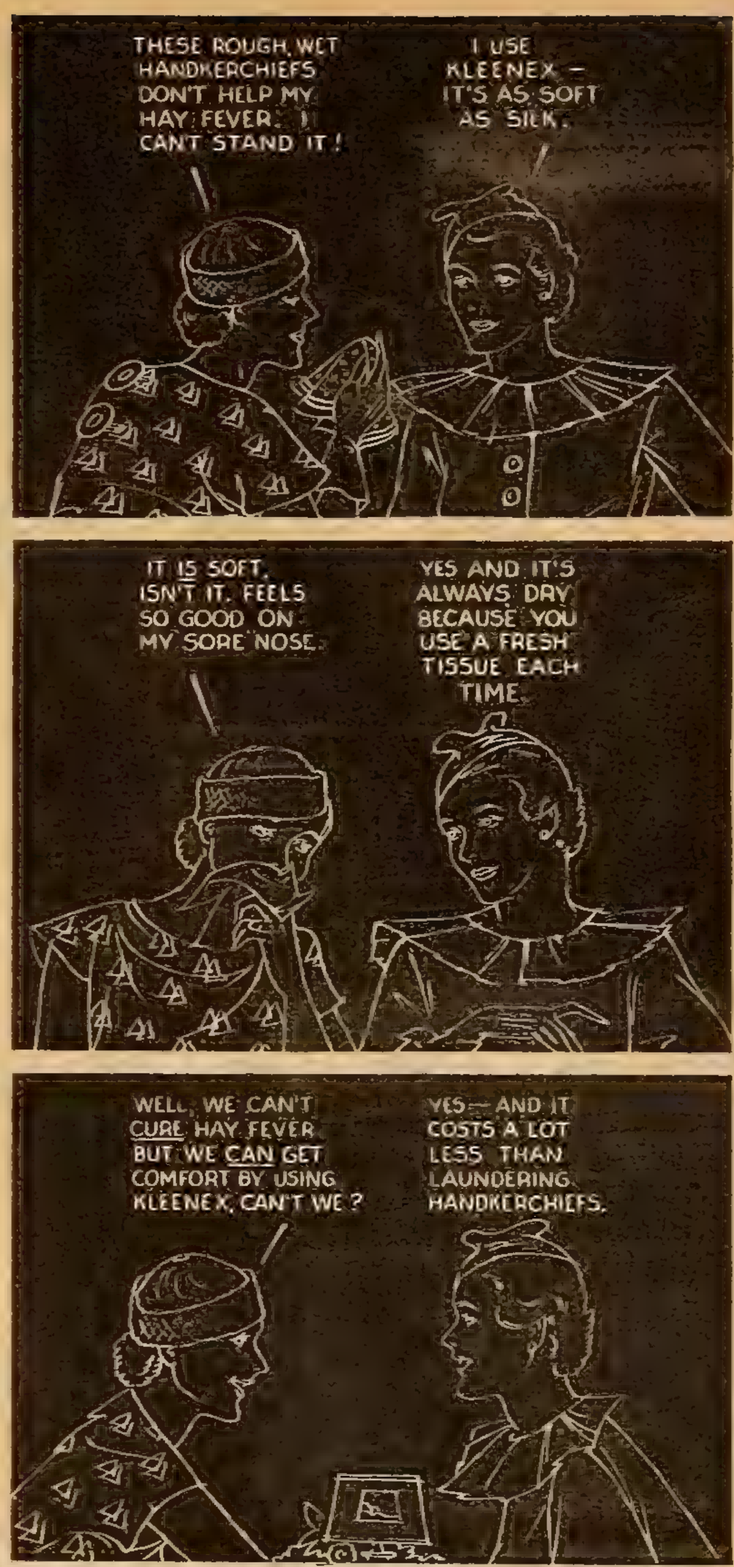
"Ten years?" you ask—and remember that Lombardo wasn't heard of that long ago. But it has been ten years. As a matter of fact, the band never has changed its personnel since a decade ago when the orchestra was formed in London, Ontario—the proud native habitat of the Lombardo tribe. There are four Lombardos in the band, but there were originally only three. That was the only change—and it wasn't a change; it was an addition. The brothers are Guy, Carmen, Lebert and Victor. They bear a marked resemblance. With the other members of the band, the three eldest were playing slow, sweet and simple melodies ten years ago—and more, at London Collegiate Institute. The other members of the band are Fred Kreitzer, pianist; Francis Henry, banjo; George Gowans, drummer; James Dillon, trombone; Ben Davies, tuba; Fred Higman, saxophone and Larry Owens, saxophone. Carmen leads the sax section, Lebert plays trumpet and Victor another saxophone. You will see how highly the sax is regarded.

And doubtless, you will be incredulous when you are told that the sax section usually plays out of tune, to produce the unusual Lombardo effect. Out of tune and startlingly vibrato. I have written of this before and have received thousands of indignant letters from Lombardo fans who have accused me of trying to libel Mr. Guy Lombardo and do him injury. (To offset a similar occurrence, I hasten now to say that Guy is one of my best pals and that I think, in the capacity of a radio critic that he has about the swellest dance band in the world). Once I told a music critic about the Lombardos playing out of tune, and the fellow replied:

"MY God, don't let him ever get back in tune. And pass the word around to the other orchestra leaders, will you?"

Lebert Lombardo is just a kid. He knows nothing of the early struggles of the band, for he did not join it until it had attained its peak popularity in New York. Lebert had wanted to be a drummer, had became one, but he found an old horn at home, left there by Carmen, and one day, when Guy was spending a holiday with his folks, he heard Lebert playing—and signed him up, after getting rid of Lebert's drums.

The father of these musical boys deserves a big hand, and is largely responsible for the orchestra. Strangely enough, he is not a musician himself. But being a son of Italy, he believed that all of his children should learn to



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Here's way to avoid rubbing already sore nose; way to avoid washing soiled handkerchiefs.

NOT having a *cure* for Hay Fever, we offer you fellow sufferers the next best thing—relief from a tender, inflamed, sore nose!

During Hay Fever time, wet, sticky handkerchiefs aggravate your nose membranes. You end this irritation by using Kleenex! These super-absorbent, strong tissues are actually softer than finest linen, positively soothing. You use a clean, dry tissue every time! Yet Kleenex now costs so little everyone can afford it. And here's good news for women . . . the use of Kleenex ends washing endless dozens of soiled handkerchiefs.

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play some instrument. All did except Guy's young sister, who wrote him the other day that her favorite band was Ben Bernie's. Papa Lombardo had intended music in his home merely as a happy pastime. But it soon grew out of hand. Guy took up fiddle. But if you ever catch him playing it, instead of using it for a baton, please wire me. It will be front page news. Carmen started out with a flute, but the nice shiny saxophones got him.

The orchestra was somehow formed in the school, and long before anybody thought of graduating, an opportunity came. The boys, all eleven of them were invited to go on a tour. They accepted and booked themselves for a trip on the Keith time, and later over the old Pantages route. Somehow or other, the band wound up in Cleveland, —just a bunch of frightened and bewildered kids. And somehow they got a job at the Claremont, a night resort. Even at that stage, not one of them had definitely decided to make a career out of music. They worked twelve hours steadily each day and night in Cleveland, and were getting ready for a wholesale nervous breakdown when Guy called a council to decide whether they should go on with the show or go home and find regular jobs.

GUY lectured them and told them, without believing it himself that he believed the job in Cleveland was an opportunity. They voted to remain, and they stuck there for four years. They went from the Claremont to the Lake Shore, and then to the Music Box. By this time, 1927 had rolled around and the lads had gained enough confidence and sufficient knowledge of the music business to know that a band should move around. So they packed up and took a chance on Chicago. This was a historic move, but they didn't know it when they went into the Granada. The Granada, if you don't already know, is a supper club eight miles from the Loop District, and at that time, not much of a success. When the Lombardos opened there, the staggering presence of four couples on the dance floor had thrown the proprietor into a frenzy of optimism. Weeks went by and nothing much happened. Guy still thinks the four couples were the same every night, and at that time, he suspected they were members of the proprietor's family.

The band wasn't clicking—and nobody knew it better than Guy. He wanted to get out, but the proprietor and he became friendly, and Guy suddenly was aware that his boss was broke. There was nothing in the world to stop Guy from walking out—but he and the boss, now friends, felt a certain loyalty to each other. Guy promised to stay. Years later, the same proprietor went on the rocks, or was about to. Lombardo was in New York, a great success. But he cancelled everything except his radio contracts and went back to the Granada and played for six weeks—and won back the Granada's business, without taking a cent for the favor.

But of course, the Lombardos were no such magicians in the earlier days. Things at the Granada hit a new low, and then Lombardo began to think about radio. He went to the boss and pleaded for a radio wire. If they could broadcast from the place somebody would hear the orchestra, and maybe pay a visit.

"Or," said the boss, "they may hear it and stay away forever."

But WBBM was approached. Somewhat reluctantly the station's head men spent their own money. They felt sort of sorry for Lombardo, but they were impressed by his personality. That was a Columbia station, and Lombardo never forgot Columbia for it. He is not with Columbia now, but he would have been with NBC three years ago but for a vow he made in Chicago. He would stay with Columbia until it became a major, established network, And he did.

The orchestra went on the air. The old therapy got in its work. Curious patrons began dropping in at the Granada. It wasn't very long before the ropes were up almost every night. Lombardo had clicked. The young folks enjoyed the strange hypnosis of the young Canadians' music. And then of a sudden, a shoe concern hired the band for a local commercial broadcast. And after that, Mr. Wrigley employed the boys to advertise his chewing gum. The breaks were beginning to come, and in the next four years much was heard about the Gay Lombardos, but New York hadn't reacted very kindly.

Then some foresighted member of the Music Corporation of America, which handles orchestra bookings button-holed Guy Lombardo on the street one day, and high-pressured him. The result was that the Lombardos found themselves some weeks later in New York, and attached to the grill of the Roosevelt Hotel. It was then that the old timer, having heard the band, got Guy into a corner, and advised him to give it to the New Yorkers, fast and hot.

But the college kids began drifting into the Roosevelt. The slow, sweet and simple did something to them. Lombardo became a vogue. He went on the air for a diamond store, via WABC. Then came the Robert Burns series, to which was added later, Burns and Allen.

This is the first season Guy Lombardo has been in New York—and not at the Roosevelt. It seems like the break in tradition. And Guy is now with the National Broadcasting Company, and with a commercial sponsor —Plough, who recently employed the Vincent Lopez band. That's the story of the Gay Lombardos to date.

And, I almost forgot. Yes, Guy is happily married. So is Carmen, and so is Lebert. Carmen has written a number of smash song-hits. He usually collaborates with Little Jack Little. Kreitzer, the pianist, is a champion tennis player. Guy is a fisherman, and tackles swordfish off Montauk Point, from the prow of his boat, the "Tempo."

This is Stoopnagle and Budd racing around in their own little speedboat and the craft, carrying the two gag and gadget men actually runs. This is the way they get a suntan and some new ideas for their broadcasts.

Is Love More Than Fame to Jane Froman?

(*Continued from page* 15)

engagement, Jane had a nervous breakdown which concluded her own and her husband's contract. She recovered rapidly and emerged from the experience still happy in her husband's love.

She's really Jane Froman. It's no microphone name. She'll be twenty-five on November 10 and to those who know her she's one of the grandest girls who ever found success on the radio.

Music was no-accident with her. Her mother was Anna Barcafer, piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and she was taught as a baby the importance of those do-re-mi's (and that's not the Broadway slang for payroll checks). Several of her relatives were singers of comparative importance and one of her cousins was the late William Woodin who was a composer of note besides being Secretary of the Treasury. In spite of her composing and imposing relatives Jane came from a family of modest means, not too modest to give her a substantial background, however. Her early aspirations led to writing and ultimately her collegiate training was along those lines, too. She enrolled in the journalism course at the University of Missouri. But somehow or other in spite of the fact that she distinguished herself in the course her happiest collegiate moments were beside the grand piano in the auditorium. So that before she had a chance to try her talents as a sob-sister she was side-tracked to music. She sang in operettas and musical comedies at the school and after her graduation attended the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati.

Fate moves in devious ways. It was at a party in Cincinnati that a man from WLW heard Jane sing, invited her to broadcast from the station. She had never before attempted popular songs but instinctively she felt it was the type of program she should choose. So she jazzed up all her selections. And that's how her radio career began.

Eventually the road led to the New York studios—and to Don Ross. In Manhattan, she was outstanding because women singers for the air were chosen on their vocal merits. But she had a beautiful face and figure as well as a lovely voice. She was photographed frequently for publicity purposes and even those who didn't see her photographs enjoyed her vocal broadcasts anyway.

Jane, a few years ago and alone, was on top of the world. She met Don Ross who was also a radio singer. They fell madly in love with each other and married. They're as much in love now as the first day they met. They have an attractive home and they don't have many friends. It's almost an imposition to ask them to join a crowd. They seem so perfectly content to be alone—together.

Radio is getting to be like Hollywood. The Jack Bennys pal around with Burns and Allen. The Jack Pearls and Fred Allens chum together. The announcers go to openings with air stars and the sopranos are proud to be seen in the company of important executives. But Jane Froman and Don Ross are sufficient unto themselves.

Not that they shirk any rehearsals or obligations. She's intensely interested in anything professionally only when it concerns both of them and he's equally serious about making good for Jane. She has the edge on him, by reputation. It would be foolish not to admit that. She's a big, popular name who can get booking on any chain or in any theater. He has a pleasant voice and a personality that Jane swears is perfect. Unfortunately she's only one in a million and very much in love.

You can't help wondering what's going to happen. Can you?

Dream Girls and Phantom Lovers

(*Continued from page* 17)

of circulation. But my wife's a nice girl, so I can safely say I like 'em all."

Equally lucky is Gordon Graham, of the Funnyboners, who has married his dream girl. Gordon goes into ecstasies when he describes the Missus, and who can blame him? She is a tall, slender blonde, with blue eyes, a willowy figure and a swell sense of humor. "Best of all," says Gordon, "she never interrupts me when I'm telling a story. She always acts as though every joke is new." Lucky Gordon!

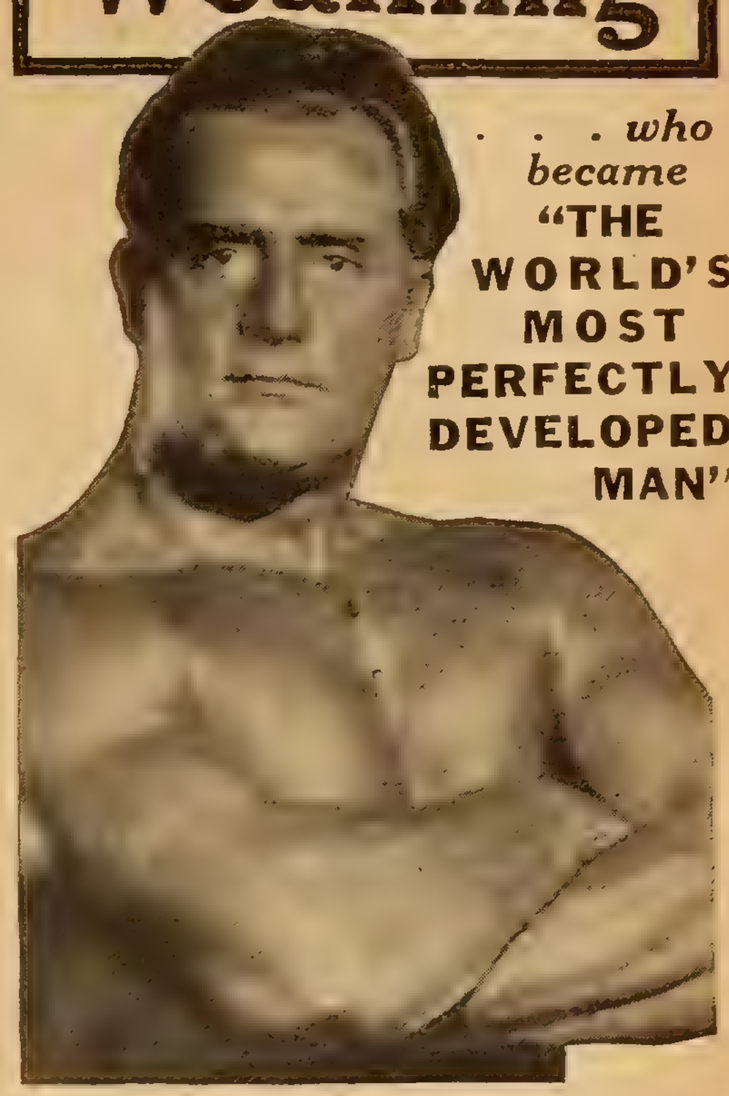
Now here's a girl, Jessica Dragonette, star of the Cities' Service broadcasts, who is hard to please. Her dream man is a composite type, highly interesting and, as she puts it, "a one-man Love Parade". To keep her interested he would have to be helpless and need mothering — sometimes; strong and masterful—sometimes; interested in music and art—sometimes; interested in sports—sometimes; and sometimes a combination of John Gilbert, Clark Gable, Rudy Valentino and the other great lovers, retaining the best features of each.

She has had many masculine friends who met some of her ideals, but she has always said to herself, "If I married one man, what would I do with the rest?"

On the other hand, Frederic William Wile, the Washington newscaster, is easily suited. "I like," says he, "snappy, good-looking dames, who may be anywhere from nineteen to forty years old, provided, of course, that they combine intelligence with beauty, and have something on their minds besides their hair!"

Girls! Do you admire Alexander the Great, Teddy Roosevelt, Lincoln, Caesar and Napoleon? Have you a weakness for chicken soup with lots and lots of noodles, tomato soup with whipped cream, fried chicken, lobster a

The 97-lb. Weakling



. . . who became "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN"

By CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," won in open competition in the only national and international contests held during the past 15 years

THEY used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic Tension.* It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I make you this amazing offer: *At my own risk* I'll give you PROOF *in just seven days that my* same method can make *you* over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy!

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la Newburgh, lilies of the valley and sapphires? Do you hate people who say "Guess who this is?" when they telephone you, and have you a loathing for turnips, pekes and dial phones? Do you get a kick out of reading Mark Twain, Corey Ford, Frank Sullivan and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle?

If you can answer an enthusiastic "Yes!" to all these questions, then radio holds a man who has been searching for you. He is none other than that philosopher—that great lover—that dashing Romeo, viveur and friend of the oppressed—Colonel Lemuel T. Stoopnagle, who, by the way, was being the rather serious F. Chase Taylor when he made up this list of likes, and said that he preferred girls whose tastes were similar to his. But if you detest sapphires and like turnips, the Colonel is not for you.

PLAIN men appeal to Ann Leaf, the "mitey" organist, who has no fondness for the handsome ones, which gives you and me a break, brother. "Good looking men," says Anne, "are too conceited, and I could never fall for one. Give me a homely man every time—one with personality, brains, wit and a sense of humor. I like the type that writes."

Now Anne!

Is there a clinging vine in the house? If so, Arthur Godfrey (Uncle Arthur on CBS children's programs) loves you, and believes that there are all too few of you in this world. "I like intensely feminine girls." Arthur will tell you, "neither too forward nor too conservative, but sensibly conventional. I prefer them to be cultured, intellectual, poised and understanding, and while they need not be beautiful, they should be physically fit."

"Does marriage bar me from having an ideal?" asks Alice Joy, who then proceeds to answer her own question with a loud "No!" Alice confesses that she has always been associated with brunettes, but says that a blond man once left an awful dent in her heart. We'll spare you the details, but whether you're light or dark, you'd still have a chance.

The specifications laid down by Tony Wons are practically impossible to fill, for Tony wants a girl to do two things: i.e., always mind her own business and always agree with him. Sounds pretty tiresome, if you ask me.

Interesting, young-looking blondes who, as he puts it, are "thin in the ankle and hip", appeal to Ted Husing, star sports announcer. But this is not enough to snare the elusive Husing heart. She must also, "constantly look as though she had just completed her toilette, and must have a good disposition, though not to be one of the sort that's always laughing. Above all," Ted concluded, "she must have the lure of Mae West—at least as far as I'm concerned."

Ex-army officers, from buck privates to generals, have that certain something which vocalist Vera Van craves. They have the military carriage without which no man can be completely perfect in Vera's eyes. If, added to this, a man is tall, courteous, immaculately clad, sincere and jolly—well, Vera is interested.

Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone were together when I third-degreed them. "Jack's my ideal man," said Mary, "for I like 'em tall and dark; amusing, yet able to be serious once in a while." Jack said, "I like tall, thin, serious girls, with charm. They must be understanding and appreciative, and they must like babies. Mary is the grandest girl I ever knew, and while she's not tall, I wouldn't change her for the tallest, thinnest, darkest girl in the world."

Jimmy Wallington wouldn't swap, either. He's married to a 95-pound blonde, who's only an inch over five-feet tall. But, after her, come girls who can wash dishes and who like kids. Dark girls, of the distinctively American type, about five feet six inches tall, and weighing between 120 and 130 pounds. Not pretty girls, mind you, but "just a plain, clean, honest girl—one who's a good sport," says Jeems.

Voices mean a lot to Lowell Thomas, who likes women to be tall, beautiful and languorous, with soft voices. She should be agreeable—willing to go anywhere—uncomplaining—a good listener and a good athlete, but not too good. (Lowell wouldn't like a girl who could beat him at sports.) "My wife," he says, "fills the bill exactly."

RUDY VALLEE'S statement was one of the most conservative, for all he said was, "I have no particular preference among women, though I have usually preferred brunettes."

Well, Fay was a brunette and Faye is a blonde, so write your own ticket.

Bright women—bright but sincere—are the sort who appeal to Guy Bates Post, leading man of the Roses and Drums program. "I'll discuss *anything* at the proper time," he says, "but people who are always analytical bore me. I like to get some fun out of life—and you can't have fun if you're always arguing."

But, when radio stars begin discussing their favorites of the opposite sex, what could result but an argument? So let's just take a few of the others and, in a few words, sum up their dreams.

Nat Shilkret, the orchestra leader, likes women who are sympathetic, intelligent and easy on the eyes; Jimmy Melton says that as long as they're very feminine they'll do; Nino Martini prefers girls who are neither too carefree nor too dreamy, and "who know how to conduct themselves"; Phil Harris has a yen for those of the sort Nino suggests, but adds that they should please look like Constance Bennett; another ork-pilot, Jacques Renard, goes for tall, thin brunettes, who are good cooks and know how to take care of a house, and Bunny Coughlin, the third Funnyboner, says, "I like all sorts of girls except those with pink hair. And don't laugh; I've seen some. Tall girls are preferred but not too tall for I don't want to have to climb onto a chair to kiss 'em."

BOAKE CARTER, news commentator, likes girls who have plenty of personality and depth of character; Bing Crosby likes to listen and has a predilection for girls who are easy conversationalists, good raconteurs, and have a well developed sense of humor (but Bing is out of circulation); Emery Deutsch says only that they should be simple and unaffected, while Morton Downey sums his ideal up in just one word:—"Brainy".

Sandra Phillips, the pianist, wants her man to have charm above everything else, by which she means he must have an interesting character and a magnetic personality; Donna ("Marge" of Myrt and Marge) Damerel likes all dark men. Helen Pickens craves brunettes with gray eyes, Sister Jane likes all "nice" men, and Patti's mind is open. She says she hasn't given any thought to it, but she'll know what man she likes when she meets him. Jean Sargent agrees entirely with Jane Pickens.

Ted Fiorito, another bandmaster, likes intelligent girls who are alert and good talkers—but only if they know when to keep still. Tenor Ben Alley likes blue-eyed blondes. George Burns insists on a sense of humor, as does Gracie Allen. The Easy Aces (Jane and Goodman Ace) say the same.

John White, the warbler, merely grins and says, "My wife suits me!"

And all that's only part of the story. There are dozens and dozens of other radio boys and girls, whose tastes differ just as much as those we've mentioned.

MEET RADIO'S CRAZIEST STAR

They call Joe Cook the "Crazy Man of Sleepless Hollow" and you'll learn why in next month's RADIO MIRROR when Herb Cruikshank takes you along with him through the years of Joe Cook's successful career which eventually brought him to millions of radio listeners.

The Beautiful Stooge

(*Continued from page* 20)

hand was up-raised.

"We got it" he said, meaning the network was now linked with that particular studio.

Then, quietly, he turned to his microphone.

"Consolidated presents Toby Malone, himself, with Gene Lottman's orchestra."

The conductor's baton swept down and music filled the studio. The program was on the air.

In three minutes Toby knew he'd be on the air! This was even worse than an audition. All his friends would be listening. All the critics would be listening. A million people would be listening—and he hadn't even got a smile out of a single musician, when he'd rehearsed his jokes. Then he lost his fear. He'd show them. The music began to do things to him. He grinned at Lottman and Lottman, over his waving arms, grinned back.

Suddenly there was dead silence. Toby felt a gentle push. Margy was beside him, shoving him toward the microphone and Merriman in the control room was making frantic signals.

MASON finished a brief announcement and swung around to look anxiously at Toby. Mason knew the comedian was terribly nervous and he'd seen some strange things happen when stage folks made their radio debuts.

Toby thought for a moment he wouldn't be able to speak. Margy's arm went around his waist. She almost cuddled up to him and then she spoke. After that it was easy.

Toby heard a subdued snicker from a musician. Then there was an unexpected roar of laughter from the orchestra. This hadn't been rehearsed! It was the real stuff! Toby hadn't seen Merriman, the production man, signal the musicians to laugh at the right time.

His six minutes at the mike ended before he realized it and when he came back for his second comedy spot, Toby had become a radio performer. It happens like that!

The newspaper critics weren't unkind to Toby. Some of them liked him, though two referred to him as 'just another comedian'. Broadway friends told him he was terrific and let it go at that.

The day after his broadcast, Toby went by the studios and tried to be casual when he asked if there were any letters for him. He wasn't a bit casual when he was told there were not.

"But fan mail" he said. "I was on the air last night."

"Oh" the hostess said. "You won't get your audience mail for a couple of days."

Toby came back Monday.

"Mail for you," said the hostess. She smiled pleasantly and handed Toby a small pack of letters. He counted them before he realized what he was doing. There were fourteen.

The hostess noticed he was disappointed.

"Not bad for a first broadcast," she said.

"But," Toby said. "I thought radio artists got thousands of letters after every broadcast."

The girl at the desk laughed.

"They'd like you to believe that," she said. "Matter of fact, unless there is some free premium offer or something to attract mail, there aren't so many letters. You'll get more after you've been on the air awhile—but don't expect thousands until you have a sponsor who wants to give away an automobile."

Toby took the fourteen letters into a quiet corner and read them. Five of them requested either a photograph or an autograph or both. Two were from almost forgotten friends who had heard him on the air and wanted him to get them auditions. The rest, with one exception, said they liked his program. The one exception declared in no uncertain terms that he was awful and should be barred from the air.

Four weeks later Toby was receiving more than a hundred letters after each broadcast.

"You're picking up an audience," David Mason said during a rehearsal.

"Just give me time," said Toby, who had been just a little more sure of himself since the arrival of a hundred letters all at once. I've got the stuff and it's just a matter of time before we get a big sponsor.

Professor Gus had been looking over the letters.

"They think well of Margy, don't they?" he commented.

Toby glanced at him.

"Huh?"

"More than half these letters are raves about Mrs. Toots," Gus continued.

Margy wasn't in the studio at the moment.

"OH, the kid is good," Toby said wisely. "Of course, I got her when she didn't have any training at all, so I was able to teach her things the right way. She's a pretty good stooge.

"She's good all right," David Mason said, nodding thoughtfully. "So good that Ray Greet wants to use her."

Toby looked at him sharply.

"Who is this guy, Greet? What does he want with her?"

"He directs the Studio Guild. They do the good plays every Thursday night," Mason explained. "He thinks Margy is a natural actress and he plans to use her in the very near future."

"He'd better talk to me about it," Toby said seriously. He frowned. It hadn't occurred to him that Margy might find other jobs.

"Have you got Margy under contract?"

"Oh sure," said Toby. Then he remembered he hadn't.

Margy appeared suddenly. She was smiling, flushed and excited.

"Toby," she called as she ran across

She's an ex-AIREDALE

Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. They called her an *"Airedale"* because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world—thanks to X-Bazin. With X-Bazin Cream or Powder *any* woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

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SUNNY golden curls . . . smart blonde coiffure. Mother and daughter keeping young together—thanks to Blondex. This special blonde hair shampoo not only helps prevent darkening—but safely brings back true golden color to dull, drab, faded light hair. Brings out the bright, gleaming lights—makes the hair soft and silky. No injurious chemicals. Not a dye. Invigorates the scalp. Ask any Blondex user! At all drug and department stores.

the studio. "Guess, what's happened!"

"Is it a gag?"

"No. It's not a gag. But I'm going to play on the Studio Guild program next Thursday night . . ."

"Going high brow, huh, kid?"

"It's not high brow. It's what I've always wanted to do. And it doesn't interfere with our work at all. Isn't it grand?"

"I suppose it's all right. O.K. You can do it!"

Margy's eyes snapped.

"Oh, Mr. Malone says I can do it. Thank you for your kind permission. But you might as well know right now that I'd do it anyway. You aren't my boss all the time, Toby . . . and you aren't my husband . . . and, one more thing, if you don't deny those reports that we're secretly married, you'll have to find someone else to work with you."

Toby flared.

"Listen here, young lady . . . you won't get anywhere taking that attitude. I took you when you were a nobody . . . just a waitress—and in four weeks . . . why . . . you're getting almost as much fan mail as I am. I did that for you . . . and you ought to be grateful."

Professor Gus decided it was time to do something.

"Listen," he said. "We've got to rehearse. You can argue that out later."

Toby made one mistake right then. He decided to have the last word.

"O.K. I'm not saying you aren't good, Margy. You are. But there are plenty of other girls just as good and plenty of them would like to have your job!"

Margy, who had started over to pick up a script, whirled as Toby spoke. Her eyes were really blazing and there was more than a hint of tears. The girl was mad through and through. "I'm glad you said that, Toby," she shot at him. "Because you can get one of those other girls for the job. I'm through!"

TOBY was shocked into immobility. Then he started after Margy.

"No use trying to talk to her now," the Professor said. "These red-headed women do have their moments. She may get over it but I must say, Toby, you acted like a complete damn fool."

"Can you imagine that!" exclaimed Toby. "After all I've done—"

He was interrupted by Al Merriman.

"Good news, Toby," Merriman called. "You audition for National Cigars Thursday. And from what the sales department tells me, the account is in the bag."

Toby promptly forgot Margy.

"Audition! Boy! I had a hunch it was coming. What's the dope, Al?

"You'll have two days to rehearse. Then they'll pipe the audition at eight o'clock Thursday night to a dinner of the board of directors of National Tobacco. Looks good, mister."

Toby whooped.

"Good! Man, I'll slay 'em!"

Gus was doing some heavy thinking.

"Wait a minute, Toby," he said. "Eight o'clock Thursday night. Isn't that the time of the Studio Guild broadcast?"

Toby didn't get the connection.

"That's the program Margy is going to be on," the professor continued. "Same time as your audition. What will you do?"

Toby looked a bit worried.

"Oh, she'll get over her peeve," he declared. "We needn't worry about that!"

"But suppose she doesn't?" the professor muttered, half to himself.

Is this a real parting of the ways for Toby and Margy? If the redhead leaves him flat, what will Toby do on Thursday night and which side will the professor take? Toby's career is at stake but then so are the futures of all three people in this thrilling drama that takes you behind the scenes in the big studios. Don't miss next month's installment of this exciting, romantic serial.

What Made the Blue Singers Blue?

(*Continued from page 27*)

Now everything is rosy. Still the memory of those sad, poverty-stricken days is reflected in her songs.

Two and a half years ago, dark-haired Vivien Ruth made her debut over a New Jersey station. She wasn't a blues singer then, just a darn good contralto. And she wowed them. "That girl's going places," the officials said. She seemed to be skipping steps on her way up, too. For exactly one month later she stepped into big time with her first broadcast over the Columbia network.

But somehow the prophets had guessed wrong. That sometimes happens, you know. For Vivien's voice did not fulfill its promise. After a while, the radio moguls shook their heads and forgot all about her.

Now Vivien happens to have her share of brains behind that pert head of hers. She felt she knew the trouble. She needed expert training to bring out the power and beauty of her voice. She was convinced she could make the grade.

SHE got a job as stenographer during the day. She had to earn money for the best vocal lessons she could get. Never mind what people said; how they pointed her out as a girl who had failed. Never mind her blasted career.

For two and a half years the fans didn't hear her. She was off the air. During those long, weary months she slaved and worked and slaved some more. Every moment she could spare from her job was spent with her music.

You hear her now with the Happy Wonder Bakers Program. And what a comeback she staged! The wise guys on radio row are predicting great things again. This time, Vivien vows, they will come true. Now you know why her singing is a little different.

What about dark, tempestuous Lee Wiley? You'd think if you were in your early twenties, a success on the air, gaining new laurels daily, you'd be happy, wouldn't you? Not if you had Lee Wiley's cross to bear.

When Lee was seventeen her eyesight failed her. For a whole year, she was blind. She couldn't see the sun, the flowers, the trees. She couldn't see her family and friends. Everything was darkness, cold and desolate. She, who had always been the ringleader in everything, felt a has-been. She hated the help of her sister, who piloted her around. She couldn't stand the ill-disguised pity of her friends who called to see her.

The doctor despaired of curing her blindness. She thought she would never get well. There was, she discovered, one release from her misery—one opiate that blindness did not deny her. Singing. Somehow, when she poured her heart out in sweet, vibrant tones she forgot her misfortune. Forgot everything. There was a new tone, her friends discovered, a new timbre to her voice. It had mellowed and become richer and more appealing through suffering.

Today Lee Wiley's eyesight has been restored. But her voice still retains its round, full, throaty tones, full of passion and suffering.

What makes Annette Hanshaw, the frail, blue-eyed Dresden-china-like doll, so blue? Why does she sing those low, moaning numbers over the Maxwell House Showboat? She has had her share of heartache, too.

When Annette was seventeen, her father died. He had taught her all she knows of singing; they were very close to each other. Every song she knew was tied up with memories of the good times they shared together.

But his sudden death wasn't all. After his estate was settled, it was discovered that there was nothing left. And Annette had a mother and little brother. It was up to her to support them. But how?

SHE had never worked before; she had never been forced to face the world. What could she do? The only ability she might be able to market was her voice. She had sung only for her family, yet she knew that she could sing. But Annette was shy and timid, retiring. She just couldn't face strange men and ask them for a job.

Then Lady Luck stepped in. Friends, knowing of her plight, offered her the chance to sing at private parties. An official from a recording company heard her and signed her up to make victrola records. Her voice registered perfectly. From making records she graduated into radio work. She's been on the Show Boat Program for two years. Some of the unhappiness and fear of a timid child, suddenly confronted with a responsibility which seemed too great for her slim shoulders,

remains in her tones. It's there even now.

They haven't proven too great for plucky Annette, however: she supports her mother in grand style and is sending her kid brother through medical school.

Every girl dreams of romance. Exotic Gertrude Niesen, with her gray-green eyes with their long black lashes, her fair skin and dark, curly hair, was no exception to the rule. Her romance came when she was eighteen. He was a Princeton student, tall, dark and handsome, the son of a wealthy South American rancher. They met one summer in the country and romanced under moonlit skies. It was not the usual summer romance; it lasted for three years.

Were it not for his moody, temperamental, jealous disposition, they would probably be the average married couple now. His unreasonable jealousy made life impossible for her. Time and again he provoked a quarrel merely because she greeted a boy she knew. He criticized her girl friends and objected to her going out with them. He wanted to keep her all to himself.

AT first, Gertrude was flattered by his adoration, but after a while his close watch on her every moment became irksome. She realized that life would be impossible with one of his temperament. She broke the engagement.

When she sings the "Boulevard of Broken Dreams", in her husky, vibrant contralto, is she thinking of her own broken romance?

Have you ever been homesick? Have you ever felt yourself lost, unwanted, a stranger in a strange land? Then you'll appreciate how Connie Gates, featured on "Presenting Mark Warnow" Program, felt when she came to New York from Cleveland. There's nothing aggressive about Connie. She's quiet, simple and self-effacing.

But something inside her would not let her rest; kept pushing her forward. You have a voice, this inner being kept saying, Why not use it? Why not go to New York instead of sleeping your life away here?

She came East. She knew no one. She was desperately homesick. It was the first time she was separated from her folks. She found that the city of New York was the loneliest spot in the world; no one noticed her. But Connie refused to give up and go home. She vowed she wouldn't go home, even for a visit, till she'd made good. She got her chance and made the grade. Still she is homesick.

Maybe you hear some of that longing, some of that desire for peace and quiet and understanding in her lovely voice. And maybe that is why "Lonesome" is her favorite melody, and the one she sings best.

Today Tamara, the striking-looking Russian singer is on a coast-to-coast network. Everyone who listens in on her broadcast, catches the haunting, sorrowful tones of her voice, like the low rumble of an organ. There's a reason.

It dates back to the time when Tamara was a little girl in Russia. It was during the time of the Soviet upheaval. The family was separated from the father. Tamara, her mother and little brother suffered almost unbelievable hardships. Sleepless nights spent in damp cellars, trembling in fear as cannon balls burst overhead. Endless days of flight from one town to another, hungry and exhausted, in a desperate effort to escape the hordes of bands who prowled over the countryside pillaging and robbing.

They finally escaped into Poland. But their joy was short-lived. They were arrested and ordered to prison.

It was little Tamara, following her mother's instructions who found the lawyer who finally secured the release of her mother and brother and arranged for their passage to America.

America indeed proved the promised land.

Believe it or not Walter Winchell hands Ben Bernie a medal as pretty Ruth Etting looks on when the trio meet in a Chicago studio.

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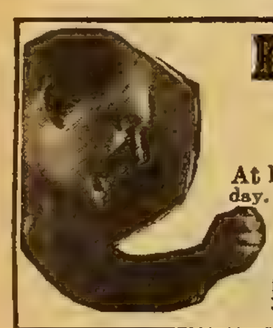

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An Ether Buggy Ride with "Mama" and "Papa"

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Here we are. Now, where's Charlie Ruggles? Suppose he's late. He never is on the set. Where can he be? It's Charlie's first broadcast too. Wonder if he's as nervous as I am? There he comes now. He doesn't look nervous.

"Hello, Charlie. It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"'M-m-m-mary! I'm so glad to see you', kissing me, violently. Why, he's never so much as put his arms around me before and I don't see him from one picture to the next. He MUST be nervous.

"It's time to go on. I mustn't let the paper rattle. I MUSTN'T let the paper rattle. This is awful. So many things can happen. And all those people staring. We're being announced. There we go.

"Well it's over. I didn't forget anything, anyway. 'It was nice, wasn't it, Charlie?' I quavered. 'Nice,' replied Charlie, 'Mary, you're a darling! You were grand!' And with that he kissed me again—still shaking from head to foot from the ordeal.

"I'm still puzzled over that particular type of nervousness. I do hope he's recovered by now."

And that was Mary, the Microphone Girl. Imagine it! Mary Boland who'd had them rolling in the aisles for months in New York with her hilarious conversations and frolicking in "Cradle Snatchers"; the same Miss Boland who was just as funny and even more clever in "The Vinegar Tree"; the actress who is known to all her friends as the life of the party. She's never at a loss for a quip or a smart answer whether she's asking her boss for more money or giving her friends some good advice about husbands. There's something inconsistent and capricious about a mechanical contrivance in a quiet, big studio that gives a famous star the jitters and leaves an unknown aspirant poised and composed.

What about Charlie Ruggles? His career goes back as far as Mary's and boasts of many, many comedy seasons equally successful. Not only can he say humorous lines like nobody else in his business but he can write them, too. When he first went out to join the movie ranks he made the transcontinental trip by motor, driving his own car. His diary of that trip was a riot. He made fun of all sorts of situations, and yet a bus ride to a radio studio and a short interlude in the company of "Mike" gave him an attack of nerves that practically sent him down to Palm Springs for a weekend's recuperation. Here's Charlie's own commentary on what happened to him when he was introduced to a listening world as a new radio star. In Charlie's own words he preserved for RADIO MIRROR readers, this is what happened in the Ruggles mind that night.

"Well, there shouldn't be anything difficult about a broadcast. After all, I've made plenty of motion pictures with a mike hanging right over my head all the time. The one at the broadcasting station IS different, though. It looks like a big, black eye. It's just a little bit belligerent, if you ask me.

"Anyway, I'm glad Mary Boland is on the program with me. We've worked so much together, it should be a cinch. The skit is pretty good, too.

"The only thing that confuses me is the sound effects. When I drop a spoon to get some sort of an effect, somehow or other I like to hear the thing drop. But no, the broadcast man says that's out. It wouldn't sound like a spoon over the air. The man in the orchestra has to drop it for me. It's very difficult. I have to keep an eye on the man to find out when I really drop the spoon! I see him go through the motions, but there's not a sound. It's really weird.

"Then there's another thing. When I do a scene for a picture where I take my clothes off and go to bed, I go through the action, taking off shirt, suit and shoes—put on pajamas and climb into bed.

"It seems so darned silly to stand in front of that mike in the broadcast station and talk about taking off my clothes, dropping my shoes (which don't make a sound because I didn't take them off anyway), wind a clock that isn't even there and after I'm all through talking, I'm standing in the same spot, fully clothed and without a sign of a bed to jump into!

"It's a most futile feeling, wondering if all the sound effects come in at the right places and just hoping the audience laughed.

"Well I suppose one gets used to anything after a while. It wasn't as bad as I expected, when I stop to think about it. At any rate the man at the broadcasting station said it was swell, which was a relief. Anything might have happened, really—especially with those peculiar arrangements about the sound effects.

"When I go on the next program I must work out something realistic with the manager of the station. When I drop a spoon, I really want to drop it—if it's only made out of paper mache. I can't do all the acting with my tongue."

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO RAMONA!

At least that's what the talented artist who's been heard on the Paul Whiteman programs has to say about herself. But RADIO MIRROR tells you differently in an intimate, informal study of RAMONA in next month's issue.

Lee Wiley's Afraid of Romance

(*Continued from page 33*)

her one very long weary year of misery. This one particular balky animal threw her off one day with the result that the optical nerve became completely paralyzed and Miss Wiley was totally blind for one whole year. Perhaps the sad, blue tones were born during that year of suffering, the misery in not knowing whether she would ever be able to see again. So far as Lee can remember, this has been the only suffering she has endured in her young life. Lee mentioned that she would like to speak to that young lady who so recently regained her vision after being blind for about fifteen years. She would like to compare notes. No doubt Lee will.

Lee's eyes are brown and so is her hair. Although she is tall she weighs about 115 pounds. She is very thin and is particularly fond of tailored clothes. She says she dislikes to wear evening clothes and feels most comfortable in a loose-fitting blouse and a suit with deep pockets where her hands can find a hiding place. She is particular about the cut and fit of her suits and has them made by an exclusive man's tailor who caters to many of the celebrities from the stage, screen, radio and sports world. I have seen Miss Wiley in both evening clothes and tailored clothes and I must say she looks best in a well-fitted suit but she also looks charming in evening dress.

Although Lee is the calm and perfect hostess at home, she changes before the microphone. She is tense, nervous and excited until the broadcast is over. I have even heard that she has been seen tearing a handkerchief into shreds during a broadcast. After the performance, she relaxes and once more becomes her own vivacious and charming self.

Like most all other actors and actresses, Lee Wiley insists that she isn't superstitious. No, not much, but just let her see a hat on a bed or meet a black cat and then watch that temperament bubble.

By way of casual mention, I could say that Will Rogers, that popular cowboy actor of both the stage and screen, is distantly related to Miss Wiley on her mother's side. Miss Wiley although honored by this distant relationship has more than once been riled by a rumor that her success is due to Mr. Rogers, because the true fact is, that Lee Wiley has never met the famous rope-twirling, wordy actor.

Can Lee Wiley continue to keep love in the background? Especially when one is as attractive and as charming as she? Love is a funny thing. No one knows just what it may bring. But will Lee Wiley find out that the glory of a successful career does not always bring happiness?

On the Pacific Air Waves

(*Continued from page 43*)

her a good-sized shove and she moved over to KFWB, the Ambassador Grove, and finally the chain.

One fine day, right after she had taken an apartment for the winter with Dorothy Dee (Zimmerman), KTM organist, she walked out and married Harry Barris. Though they had been seen together once in awhile, nobody thought it was serious until the actual marriage.

But these past two years have been bad ones for the couple. Earlier this summer they got a chance for a comeback with Barris wielding the baton for a San Francisco night club spot (over NBC) and Loyce singing.

Though perhaps temperamentally of excitable dispositions they have both gotten along well in private life. Preliminaries seem to say that the networks have withdrawn their ban and the couple will once more soar to popularity . . . if not on one chain or city, then on another. And, perchance, the boy may have the time and inclination to do some more composing. Of course you remember his earlier song hits . . . "I Surrender Dear," "It Must Be True" and "It Was So Beautiful."

* * *

"Andy" Andrews has long been a stellar attraction with NBC coast audiences. Of course you know all that. But probably you don't know that he was christened as Orville Andrews, Jr. in his home town of Lincoln, Nebraska.

"Andy" in rapid succession, took lessons on the piano, cornet and trombone. But he wanted a banjo so he could sing, too.

Orville, Sr., had different ideas. So Junior got a job as a grave digger and earned $80. for his first banjo. He earned his way through the state university by singing at banquets and stag affairs.

Ten years ago he made his radio debut at KFAB in Lincoln. Since college days he has been with hotel orchestras and in recent years on coast radio.

Back in '25 he married Vera Alber, of Greely, Colorado, when he was singing with a band in Estes Park. By the time September rolls around there will be an addition to the Andrews family for, as this is written, Andy is passing the cigars around to the scribes. "Just a new Spanish custom," says Andy, "I'm passing the stogies out now and will have some real seegars to pass out when the youngster arrives."

* * *

Mary Rosetti, prize female singer at KNX, is goin' to town these days.

Believe it or not, her father really was a travelling salesman (William Pearce) and the family hearthstone was at Mt. Vernon, New York.

She made her radio debut over WEBH in Chicago back in 1925, studied, travelled and worked until she signed up with KNX two or three years ago.

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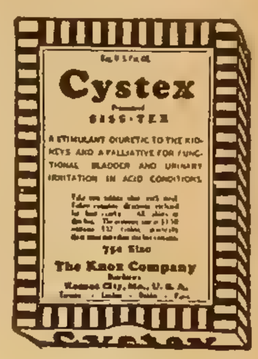

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Still under thirty, beautiful and charming in an evening gown, she is a widow with a young son just about four years old.

Her first recollection of Sunday school picnics at the beach is a lasting one. She likes to take a nap in the middle of the afternoon; doesn't like poetry; has no ambition to compose a song; is nuts over Ed Wynn's buffoonery; eats rissoto; rebels at washing dishes and can't remember people's names.

If I've left anything out, send stamped addressed envelope for further particulars and I'll consult the "knows all, sees all and tells nothing" department.

* * *

Georgia Fifield has been doing drama bits on four NBC transcontinentals originating in Hollywood during the summer. Besides this she has been taking the femme parts in KNX's Watanabe and Archie sketches.

Now she has taken on an additional and new task in directing a series of transcription programs. Just as this is being written, she is directing Anna Q. Nilsson and Viola Dana in the wax series.

Rumor hath it that the lovely Georgia will soon clamber up the church steps again for the second marriage. So far she has neither affirmed or denied it. I think she is one of the kind who will take the step and keep it a secret for a few months and then burst into the limelight with the good news.

* * *

The summer series of "Symphonies Under the Stars" in the famed Hollywood Bowl has been a unique musical venture this summer with the musicians underwriting it as a cooperative movement. When the musicians saw the bowl might be dark for the summer because of lack of funds, they dug into their welfare fund for money to get it going and depended on the profits for their pay.

J. Howard Johnson, member of the original radio Orpheus Four Male Quartet . . . half a ton of melody on anybody's hoof . . . used Southern California stations to ballyhoo the summer symphonies as a civic proposition. Many radio stars contributed their time and talent to call attention, over the air, to the symphonies, and some of the radio-music directors took turns waving the baton in the bowl as guest conductors. Twenty-four stations from El Centro to Fresno helped acquaint the public with the concerts. Two score of radio talent appeared before the audition board.

Sir Henry Wood, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Jose Iturbi, Elsa Alsen, Nina Koschetz, Richard Bonelli . . . these are just a few of those who appeared this summer. Alfred Brain, himself a French horn soloist of world repute, managed the series for the musicians.

What more can one ask?

We Have with Us

(*Continued from page* 45)

Monday (Continued)

Thursday and Friday). WABC and associated stations.

Welcome back, Kate—you and your moon.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

A darn good orchestra.

8:00 P. M. STUDEBAKER PROGRAM—Richard Himber's orchestra; Joey Nash, vocalist. WEAF and associated stations.

How that Himber has come up in the ether world this year.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE Garden Concert featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano with William Daly's Symphonic String Orchestra and Rose Marie Brancato, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and Frank Chapman, baritone. WEAF and associated stations.

Cooling breezes in high C's.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Robert Simmons, tenor (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

Old friends you know so well.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Bringing the interlocutor back into his own.

9:30 P. M. EX-LAX, INC., presents Lud Gluskin and his continental orchestra with Henrietta Schumann, pianist; and The Three Marshalls, vocal trio. WABC and associated stations.

When nature forgets.

9:30 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Joe Cook, comedian; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, master-of-ceremonies. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.) WEAF and associated stations.

The crazy Cook surrounded by sane people.

9:30 P. M. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS—drama with Douglas Hope, Alice Hill, Peggy Davis and Arthur Jacobson. (Princess Pat, Ltd.) WJZ and associated stations.

Ring up the curtain.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Company.) WEAF and associated stations.

Popular stars going the milky way.

10:30 P. M. SINGIN' SAM—from Chicago (Atlas Brewing Co.) WABC and associated stations.
There's something refreshing about this singer.

11:35 P. M. JACK DENNY and his orchestra. WJZ and network.
Another good dance-music provider.

Tuesday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES. Songs. WABC and associated stations.
Nice little Connie in a nice program.

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday (Bauer & Black). WJZ and associated stations.
You ought to know him by now.

7:30 P. M. THE TASTYEAST PROGRAM—Brad Browne and Al Llewellyn, comedians. WEAF and associated stations.
Another yeastcake show.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.
This is our idea of a grand orchestra.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES—dramatic sketch (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.
Tracking down the criminals.

8:00 P. M. "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" with Frank Munn, Tenor; Muriel Wilson, Soprano, and Gustave Haenschen's Orchestra (Bayer's Aspirin). WABC and associated stations.
Just an old-fashioned bouquet.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—dance music. WEAF and associated stations.
More music in the cause of cosmetics.

8:30 P. M. GOLDMAN BAND CONCERT—Edwin Franko Goldman, conductor. WJZ and network.
Music on the Mall.

8:30 P. M. "ACCORDIANA" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
Sweet and hot.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEAF and associated stations.
Bennie ought to sell his wares this weather.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's Orchestra (Household Finance Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.
The rural poet with some city music.

9:00 P. M. GEORGE GIVOT—"Greek Ambassador of Good Will." WABC and associated stations.
Funny business in the old Athenian way.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HIMBER and Studebaker Champions; Joey Nash, Tenor. (Studebaker Motor Corp.) WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Himber delivering himself again.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, Florence Malone; Joseph Granby, John Barclay, Rosaline Greene, Adele Ronson, Alan Devitt, Alfred Shirley and the Russian Choir. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.
With all these stars, how can they miss.

10:00 P. M. "CONFLICT" by T. S. Stribling. Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.
A real writer goes radio.

11:15 P. M. EMIL COLEMAN'S HOTEL PLAZA ORCHESTRA. WEAF and network.
He's been doing this sort of program for a long time.

Wednesday

7:30 P. M. IRENE RICH FOR WELCH—(Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations. A Hollywood star on her own home ground.

8:00 P. M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAF and associated stations.
The Baron—and lying again.

8:00 P. M. MAXINE, PHIL SPITALNY ENSEMBLE. (Cheramy, Inc., Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.
Watch this Maxine.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES." Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master of Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's orchestra; and Guest Stars. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.
A gorgeous voice and lot of helpful harmony.

9:30 P. M. TOWN HALL TONIGHT Fred Allen, comedian; Portland Hoffa, The Songsmiths Quartette, and Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEAF and associated stations.
To say nothing of plenty of hearty laughs.

9:30 P. M. THE LOVE STORY PROGRAM dramatic sketch. (Non-spi). WJZ and associated stations.
Romance is back again.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER with Guy Lombardo's Orchestra (Plough, Inc.) WEAF and associated stations.
The Lombardos in a new back yard.

10:30 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES. WABC and associated stations.
Tintillations from the land of oranges.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO Presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his Orchestra and John B. Kennedy (Continental Oil Co.) WJZ and associated stations.
Radio made Harry and he certainly makes radio listening a pleasant pastime.

11:00 P. M. DON BESTOR'S Hotel

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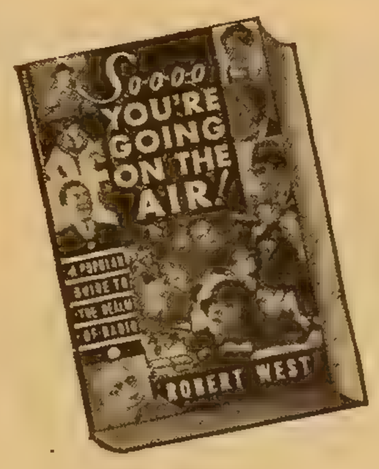

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Pennsylvania Orchestra. WEAF and network.

In case you can get up enough energy to dance.

Thursday

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

There seems to be no end of tricks with which Rudy stays on top.

8:00 P. M. EVAN EVANS, Baritone, with Concert Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Another seasoned singer recruited to airing his voice.

8:00 P. M. GRITS AND GRAVY—mountaineer sketch with George Gaul, Peggy Paige and Robert Strauss; Anthony Stanford, director. WJZ and network.

Catching up with the tall alfalfa folks.

8:30 P. M. PHILADELPHIA SUMMER CONCERTS—from Robin Hood Dell in Fairmount Park, Phila.; Alexander Smallens, Conductor. WABC and associated stations.

Beautiful, so lend your ears.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S Maxwell House Show Boat—Charles Winninger; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

A weekly cruise we hate to miss.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Do cowboys really get lonesome?

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, master-of-ceremonies. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.) WEAF and associated stations.

Paul, the Piper with those marvelous arrangements.

10:15 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARNOW. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Warnow and all his strings.

10:45 P. M. FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI, Piano Team. WABC and associated stations.

Twenty fingers in perfect harmony.

11:35 P. M. GUY LOMBARDO and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra. WJZ and network.

What, again?

Friday

3:00 P. M. MARIA'S CERTO MATINEE—Lanny Ross, tenor; Mary Lou; Conrad Thibault, baritone and Gus Haenschen's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Lanny's in a new spot with the same clever associates.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Countess Albani, soprano and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

We do miss Jessica but are thankful for the rest.

8:00 P. M. NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe; Bobby Dolan and his orchestra (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

That O'Keefe boy has a nimble tongue—to say nothing of the Shutta warbling.

8:00 P. M. MARY EASTMAN, soprano, with concert orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

She's a good singer, too.

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

Real life dramas and you give the answers.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

More dreamy rhythm.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer (Northam Warren Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

We do.

9:30 P. M. JOHNNY GREEN—"In the Modern Manner." WABC and associated stations.

A boy after our own musical tastes.

9:30 P. M. PICK AND PAT IN ONE NIGHT STANDS—Orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. WEAF and associated stations.

Troupers' vicissitudes.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Roy Shield's orchestra (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

One of the real favorites.

10:00 P. M. STORIES THAT SHOULD BE TOLD — Fulton Oursler — (LIBERTY MAGAZINE). WJZ and associated stations.

And he knows how to tell them.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

An opening night at home.

10:00 P. M. THE SPOTLIGHT REVUE with Everett Marshall, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Frank Crumit, and Victor Young's Orchestra (Schlitz Brewing Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Don't they rate a big spotlight?

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

You can always count on The Benny to come across with a good program.

11:35 P. M. VINCENT LOPEZ and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. WEAF and network.

Saturday

7:30 P. M. Don Bestor and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.
Mr. Bestor again.

7:30 P. M. Betty Barthell and the Melodeers. WABC and associated stations.
A charming singer from Tennessee.

8:00 P. M. Spanish Interlude — Corinna Mura, soprano; Carlos Spaventa and Robert Mova, guitarists. WJZ and network.
In the Latin manner and you know you like it.

8:00 P. M. Morton Downey's Studio Party—Freddy Rich's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
We wish Morton would stick to his singing.

9:00 P. M. One Man's Family—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and network.
It might be yours.

10:00 P. M. Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
They're crazy and they get paid for it.

10:15 P. M. Guy Lombardo and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
He's all over the dial.

10:30 P. M. Elder Michaux and Congregation. WABC and associated stations.
Sermons in music.

11:35 P. M. Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night Dancing Party—from the Hotel Biltmore. WJZ and network.
Our idea of a pleasant good-night.

Labor Day Luncheon

(*Continued from page* 48)

serve it that count.

MENU

Iced Consomme	Frozen Fruit Salad
Refrigerator Rolls	Meringue Glace
Iced Tea	Iced Coffee
Mints	Nuts

Iced Consomme

Use a usual consomme and season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice or sherry flavoring. Put the entire mixture in a large pitcher and chill thoroughly.

Frozen Fruit Salad

4 oranges
4 bananas
½ cup cherries, cut in pieces
½ cup berries, cut in pieces
½ cup grapefruit
½ cup tiny green grapes
1 cup cream, whipped
1 cup dressing
Lettuce

Add the cream to the dressing and mix. Add all the fruit together mixed in a large bowl without breaking any pieces, use a wooden spoon. Freeze in drawers of refrigerator, and be careful not to freeze too long as fruit becomes frozen. Arrange on lettuce leaves, using about a cup of finely chopped nut meats for garnishing or if you want something especially decorative cut green and red maraschino cherries into small pieces and arrange in leaf-like patterns on top.

Refrigerator Rolls

1 yeast cake dissolved in 1 cup lukewarm water
½ cup butter
½ cup other shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 cup mashed potatoes, hot
1 cup cold water
1 teaspoon salt
6 to 6½ cups flour

Add shortening, sugar, and potatoes to yeast cake and water. Allow to stand two hours in warm room, add cold water, salt, and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Let stand covered in refrigerator for twenty-four hours. Shape as desired, allow to rise two hours before baking. Bake in moderate oven till browned.

Meringue Glace

4 egg whites
½ teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups powdered sugar

Beat egg whites until stiff, add two thirds of sugar slowly so eggs will remain stiff, add vanilla, then fold in remaining sugar. Shape with spoon on cookie sheet covered with letter paper. Bake for fifty minutes in 250° F. oven. Remove soft part with spoon and place back in oven to dry out. Use two of these, and place in between them ice cream. Garnish with whipped cream. If you have a small board use this in place of a cookie sheet, and cover the board with paper.

A FAMOUS STAR TURNS TO RADIO

When Helen Menken was signed for one guest broadcast on the Ex-Lax Hour, the response was so tremendous that the sponsors retained her talents for the rest of the series. And now Miss Menken, glamorous star of "Seventh Heaven" and later with the Theater Guild, believes her future lies in radio. She tells you why in the

October issue of your RADIO MIRROR

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FIRST, one 10c bottle Liquid Veneer free. SECOND, one true story "How Several People became rich by using Liquid Veneer," free. THIRD, valuable Silver certificates packed with each bottle of Liquid Veneer, free, and redeemable in delightful silver-plated tableware with your initial beautifully hand engraved on each piece, and FOURTH, one extra teaspoon free as follows:

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Cut out this ad and send it with a certificate taken from a bottle of Liquid Veneer and we will send you the silver you select for your certificate and one extra teaspoon free, for sending the ad. One ad only redeemable with each certificate. We guarantee you will simply be delighted. Or a postcard brings you a 10c bottle and the true story free and postpaid.

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PLEASANTLY REMOVE HAIR
Smell the contents of the DEWAN bottle. See how pleasant it really is!
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I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of A.B.C. Shorthand. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose $1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

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The Lure of Lovely Hands

(*Continued from page* 49)

Melt under heat a mixture of one half ounce of Refined Pitch and one half ounce of Myrrh obtained at any drugstore. Apply to the nails at night and remove each morning with a little olive oil placed on absorbent cotton.

A bruised nail may avoid turning black by immersing the finger tip into as hot water as may be borne for at least a half hour. Use a pledget of cotton dipped into hot witch hazel wrapped around the finger, allowing to remain on all night.

When giving yourself a manicure there are several hints we would offer you. The nail file is the only proper instrument for trimming the nails. Before using the file place the hand in a bowl of warm water long enough to have the skin and nail soften slightly. Do not file the nail too short. Place the hand again in hot water and dry.

The next step is to properly cleanse the nails. Place a small amount of cotton around the sharp end of the orange stick and dip in water. The swab is then gently rubbed under the free edge of the nail to remove the dirt or stain it may have retained after the immersion in the water. Wipe the finger tips dry and smooth the edges of the nails with an emery board.

Use the emery board as a file, to remove all roughness. Look carefully for hangnails, and remove leaving a smooth edge. Reduce the cuticle at the base of the nail to expose as much as possible of the half moons. Use the flat end of the orange stick and gently press back upon the finger the cuticle that has grown upward on the lower section of the nail.

Brilliant nail polishes are very popular, and the shade you select is a matter of personal choice. For summer bathers there are waterproof polishes that come in many distinctive shades.

Begin today to correct any of the small faults that are destroying the beauty of your hands, because many folks judge your character by your hands.

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page* 51)

THE CHICAGO FIRE

In the radio reports of the $8,000,000 stock yards fire which Chicago suffered earlier this summer were many amusing little bits of human interest. Most of the broadcasting was, of course, serious: reports of damage done, devastation. And some of those reports were grossly exaggerated and garnished with too much heroics and hysteria on the part of the radio reporters. But some of it was very human and some of it amusing. . . .

John Harrington of WGN interviewed one of the firemen on the job.

"Is this the biggest fire you ever saw?" asked Harrington.

"Hummph," grunted the fireman.

"What do you estimate the damage to be?" asked Harrington.

"Hummmph," grunted the fireman. Then a thought struck him. He reached over to the mike. Harrington thought that at last the guy was going to give his radio audience some fiery wisdom, something authoritative on the conflagration. But what the fireman said into the mike was: "If my wife is listening in please bring me some clean clothes . . . and something to eat!"

Clem Lane, veteran reporter of The Chicago *Daily News*, got on Hal Totten's NBC mike: "Saturday afternoon on an afternoon paper that doesn't publish Sundays is like Sunday on the farm. But when the two-eleven fire alarm came in the boys quit their bridge game and went to work. The firemen discovered a brewery near the fire. They saved the brewery—kept hoses playing water on it. The brewery has been sending out trucks with beer on tap for them ever since."

Someone whose name we didn't catch: "Fear on some faces . . . worry. But the kids are loving it. One gang of boys is already back at its baseball game. These kids are tickled. Because the fire is just a block away the police are routing traffic around their street . . . and the street is wide open with no traffic to spoil their game!"

Harold Isbell on Columbia: "People are going around with wet handkerchiefs tied around their mouths. In the eerie light of the flames they seem to be attending a holdup men's convention."

Ted Weems, the orchestra leader, is an inveterate fire chaser. He dashed for the south side at the first alarm. A block from the flames he stopped to get gas for his car. But the attendant refused to open his tank. He was afraid the burning embers flying around might blow them both up. As Ted rode back toward his downtown hotel he heard the radio announce that gas station had just gone up in smoke.

A girl named Margaret Casey auditioned at Radio Station WAAF in the stock yards that afternoon. She left the studios with the station staff just before the building was gutted by flames. She moved back to a nearby shed and watched from there until firemen forced her to move still farther back. The shed burned to the ground. She ate in a restaurant nearby. Later, that burned down too. Now Margaret is pretty well cured of the broadcasting bug. "Gee, if they make things that hot for me just when I do a little tiny audition just think what might happen if I got on a big network program!" Another girl got near a mike and yelled: "I came in all the way from Riverside to see this fire. Golly, its swell!" before the announcer could guard his mike from her. Everybody there wanted a minute's chance at the mikes.

MEETING A CRISIS

Most radio programs are so thoroughly stopwatched and produced, that even the changing of a single word or the missing of a phrase throws the whole thing out of line. That's the main trouble with radio now, that mechanical perfection. But Dr. Herman N. Bundesen didn't let stop watches or prepared continuity bother him the other day. The Bundesen Magazine of the Air was on WLS as it always is every weekday morning. The telephone rang and a frantic mother called. Her child had swallowed a button and she wanted Dr. Bundesen to tell her what to do. She was almost hysterical. The telephone operator told the doctor in the studio and he told her to have the woman tune in his program if she hadn't already done it. Then he went to the mike, waved away the violinist who was playing a solo and told the woman just what to do for the child. That shows just what a human sort of chap our health commissioner in Chicago is. And at the time those quintuplets were born up in Canada he went and got a supply of breast milk together and sent it along together with his books on the care and feeding of babies.

Dr. Bundesen surprised the WLS studio staff one morning. On his program he wanted to broadcast the actual sound of a living human heart. If you'd gone to WLS that morning you'd have been surprised to see near the mike a husky young man, stripped to the waist, jumping up and down and then rushing up to the mike to hold it against his heart. The jumping was simply done to attain a more pronounced heartbeat for listeners to hear. . . .

* * *

ANTIQUE OR OLD GOLD?

Irene Beasley, the long tall gal from Dixie is now singing with Phil Baker on the Friday night Armour shows over NBC. Also on the same network she is singing for the Fitch programs while Wendell Hall takes a vacation. Recently Irene took a vacation to her family home in the southland. While there she sent a prized antique watch to a jeweler's. The watch was supposed to have been repaired. But something went wrong. Irene wondered why they didn't send it back. Then she found out:

Dear Miss Beasley:

Enclosed please find check for $4.85, the amount due you on the gold contained in the watch you sent us. Please keep it in mind in the event you have any more old gold for sale and we will be most pleased to do business."

* * *

A member of Jan Garber's band got married. Garber and all his boys attended the wedding and then, in more or less hilarious spirits, all went to a celebrity night in a Chicago cafe. Garber was called on to play his fiddle. As Jan went up to the band stand, all the Garber bandsmen solemnly picked up their chairs, moved from their tables out into the dance floor directly in front of Jan, sat down . . . and one of them solemnly started tossing pennies at him!

A Cleveland radio listener sent Gene and Glenn a pair of homing pigeons named after the radio boys. They were to release the pigeons at a certain time on a certain night and then they could tell how long it took them to fly home from New York. Gene and Glenn released the pigeons in Central Park . . . but the birds refused to fly home, in fact refused to fly. They LIKED Central Park. So Gene and Glenn recrated the birds and shipped them home with a note: "If these birds are homers, any place they light must be home to them!"

* * *

Al Rice, now tenor of the Maple City Four, once was the orchestra leader chosen by the Prince of Wales to play for the Prince's parties when the prince visited Vancouver. They fixed up a set of signals. If the Prince liked the partner he was dancing with he would signal Al and the number would go on forever. But if the prince didn't like his dancing partner another signal and Al would stop the music right away.

* * *

Salty Homes and Gene Autry of WLS so amused the convalescent Eddie Quail of Champaign, Ill., with their broadcast antics that Eddie literally split his side laughing. Eddie was just getting over an appendectomy when he laughed so hard he reopened the incision and had to go back to the hospital.

* * *

In Clyde Lucas' band at Terrace Garden is a real Cuban who is proud of the English he's slowly learning. The other night, to prove his mastery of the King's English, he pointed into the heavens at the stars making up the big dipper. "See, I know. That's the big diaper!"

* * *

Lynn Lucas, Clyde's brother, received a letter congratulating him on his perfect Joosh in the Hebrew version of "Write a Letter to Mother." the writer, a Jew himself, said only a Jew could sing it that well. Now, whoever heard of a Lynn Lucas being Jewish?

* * *

Have you ever noticed how some auto radio sets fade as you pass a big building or a street car line? Romo Vincent, the portly M. C. heard over NBC from Terrace Garden, has made a game of it. As he goes home early mornings he sings along with the music he hears being broadcast . . . then he tries to see if he can still be in perfect time with the orchestra when the music fades back in again after the building has been passed.

* * *

Bill and Mrs. Hay vacationed at Victoria, British Columbia.

* * *

Tony Wons returned to Eagle River, Wisconsin, for his vacation. When he returns to the air in the fall for his present sponsor (Johnson Wax) it will be with a new show, an orchestra and singers supporting Tony. It will originate in Chicago and will be on at night instead of noon. And it might be on NBC instead of Columbia.

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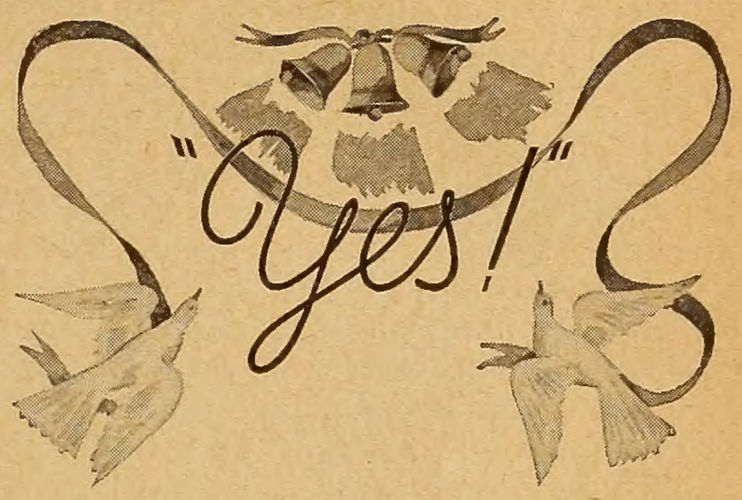

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Dialing the Short Waves

(*Continued from page* 56)

Harmon Trophy, awarded to the outstanding aviator in the United States each year was given to Hawks for his work in 1930, when he was also decorated by the French Aero Club and the Swiss Aero Club.

And this man, Frank Hawks, is a short wave fan!

Now here's a man who listens-in on the European broadcasters for both business and pleasure. You know him well, for it's none other than the old master showman—Rudy Vallee himself.

Well, Vallee is not satisfied to listen only to American stations, in order to follow the trends in music. He has a sensitive short wave receiver in his apartment on Central Park West and, when not otherwise occupied during an evening, tunes-in on the major European transatlantic broadcasts.

Another man whose name is always associated with sports, is Ted Husing, the CBS announcer who plays tennis, golf, handball, football and baseball. Ted, whose real name is Edward Britt Husing, is thirty-three years old, six feet tall, and weighs 175 pounds. He was born in New Mexico, but while he was still a boy, the family moved to New York.

The lure of the road got him, after his graduation from high school, and he hitch-hiked to Kansas, where he worked in a wheat field for a few months, then going on to Seattle, Wash., and returning home *via* Texas and Florida, where he stayed for a while, learning to be an aviator. He became a commercial pilot in 1923 and was sent to Miami; came back to New York and was one of the first "flying cops" in the force, but got married and went to Florida again as a real estate salesman. When the bubble burst he and 618 other men auditioned for an announcerial position. Ted got the job in September, 1924, and has been at it ever since.

Yet the wanderlust that marked his earlier days has never left him. Though he's more or less tied down by his studio work, he still manages to do a bit of vicarious travelling via the short waves, and there is no more pathetic sight than to see Husing, his head in his hands, listening to a leisurely Britisher drawling a kick-by-tackle description of a rousing game of rugger.

Women are represented, too, among the short waves' famous fans. One of them is Mrs. Emily Post, who was born in Baltimore, Md., 1873. Mrs. Post, the mother of two boys, was well known as a novelist several years ago, her fiction having its setting in European countries, the standards of which she contrasted with those of America. Although she has given up all but her non-fiction work, the lure of Europe is still strong, and she makes a habit of following the foreign programs via her radio set.

Besides being a recognized authority on modern manners and social customs, Mrs. Post is an expert on architecture, color and interior decoration.

Also a writer is Willard Huntington Wright, better known as S. S. Van Dine, author of the "Benson", "Canary," "Greene," "Bishop," "Scarab," and "Kennel" Murder Cases. While Mr. Wright's detective, Philo Vance, tracks down the fictional murderers, the author grimly follows the trail of distant short wave stations. He has just purchased one of the latest and best of the high frequency receivers. Wright (alias Van Dine) is a native of Charlottesville, Va., but now lives in New York. He was born in 1888, and had become literary editor of the Los Angeles *Times* by the time he was nineteen years old. Since then he has served in the same capacity on *Town Topics*, and the New York *Evening Mail*, as art critic on the *Forum*, the San Francisco *Bulletin* and Hearst's *International Magazine*, as a critic of music and drama, and as editor of *Smart Set*. In addition to all this he was Police Commissioner of the town of Bradley Beach, New Jersey.

Now Mr. Wright divides his time between the typewriter (he's just finishing a new book) and his short wave receiver.

Sticking to writers for the present, we find Walter Winchell, the reporter-broadcaster, as another ardent short wave-ite.

He's the busiest man in the world, getting through with work around three A. M. when he doesn't have to stay on the job late—but still he manages to find time to tune-in on the short wave band.

Just think of the gossip he must pick up! And how it must break his heart not to be able to print it, because of government regulations!

If you happen to be in communication with W8CPC, you may be able to get some free medical advice, for that's the call of Dr. Burton T. Simpson, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is Director of the Institute for the Study of Malignant Diseases.

Dr. Burton is an amateur of eight years' standing. "I started as a broadcast listener," he says, "and then started building my own receivers. Through a natural course of evolution, I graduated into the amateur ranks—and now just look at me!"

The doctor is unpaid physician to literally hundreds of amateurs. They hear his call, look him up in the call book, see the "M. D." after his name and promptly ask him for advice on everything from fallen arches to falling hair, though he is a specialist on cancer.

While in the realm of science, we mustn't skip Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim Silencer and dozens of other devices in the fields of ordnance, automobiles and electricity. He's the son of Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1869. He was the youngest member of his class in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he graduated at the age of seventeen. Twelve years later he married Josephine Hamilton, daughter of the ex-Governor of Maryland.

And is H. P. Maxim interested in short waves? Well, he's president of the American Radio Relay League and the International Amateur Radio Union!

Billie Jones, who with his partner, Ernie Hare has been on the air for eleven years, is a short wave fan, as are Stokowski, Toscanini and Peter Van Steeden, the orchestra leaders; Art Egan, the poet; Breen and de Rose, the Sweethearts of the Air; Paul McCullough of Clark and McCullough, and Art Van Harvey, of "Vic and Sade."

Van Harvey, on the air over Amateur Harold Blough's station, W9SP in Forest Park, Ill., happened to mention that he was "Vic" in the NBC sketches, to a Syracuse, N. Y. amateur. A Watertown, S. D., ham picked it up and butted in with some questions. Finally another in Cicero, Ill., brought his wife into it, and let her talk to Vic over the air.

Paul Davis, former president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, runs a transmitter, too, as do many other wealthy men, for amateur radio is a hobby which appeals to rich and poor alike.

And even diplomats, far from home in foreign lands, manage to keep in touch with their own countries by means of short wave sets. Two of them who come to mind are Henry R. Norweb, U. S. Charge d'Affaires in Mexico, and Dr. Le Brun, the Argentine Ambassador in Paris, both of whom bought American receivers before going to take their stations.

So no matter how late you sit up with your set, remember: *You're not alone!* Somewhere, some world-famous man or woman is sitting, too, with drooping eyelids, trying to bring in China, Japan or Australia loud enough to get a verification card, just as you are.

Next month, the Globe Twister will tell you all about famous heroes of the short wave, tales of daring rescues achieved by historic S.O.S.'s.

RADIO'S PERFECT VOICE

Helen Menken, glamorous redheaded of the stage is the latest celebrity to join the ranks of radio artists. Engaged for one broadcast this past spring, her dramatic characterization was so successful she was retained for the entire series and will be back on the air this fall in a new program.

Broadcast executives say she has the most perfect female speaking voice yet heard on the radio. READ ALL ABOUT HELEN MENKEN IN THE OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR.

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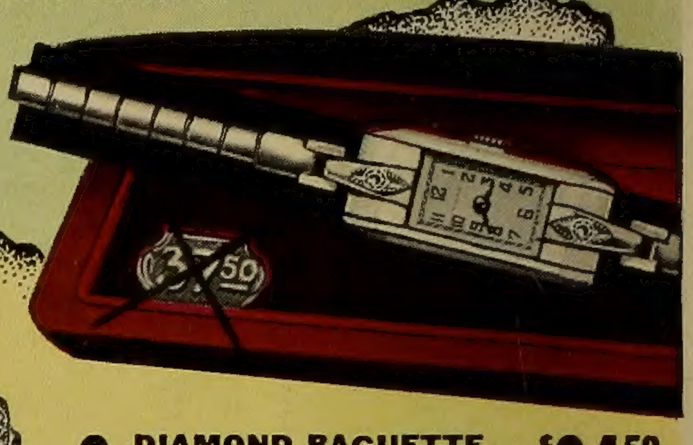

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Only $2.35 a month

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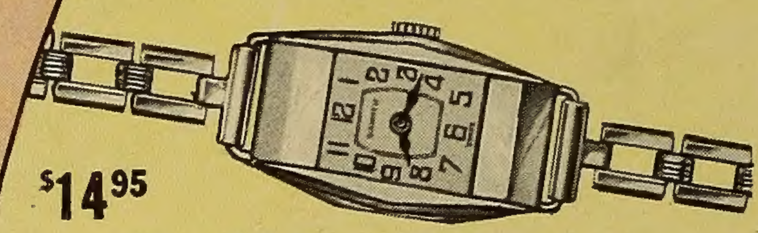

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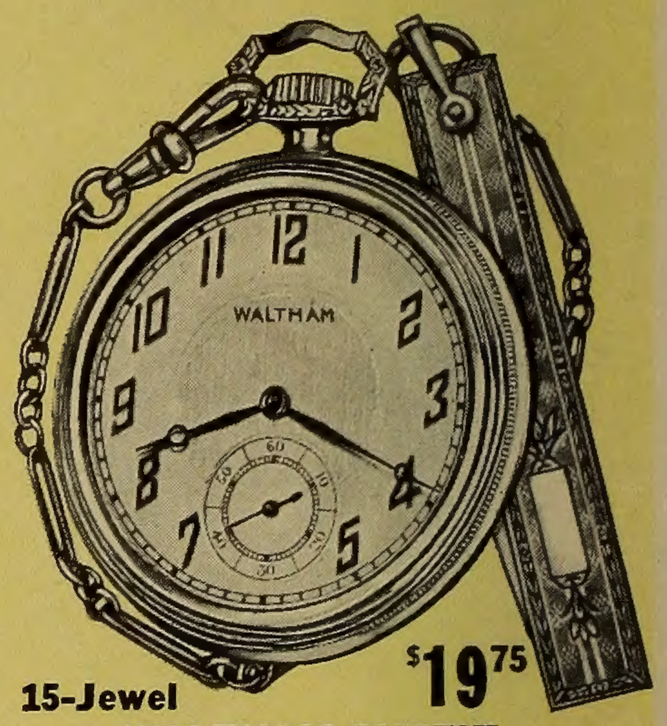

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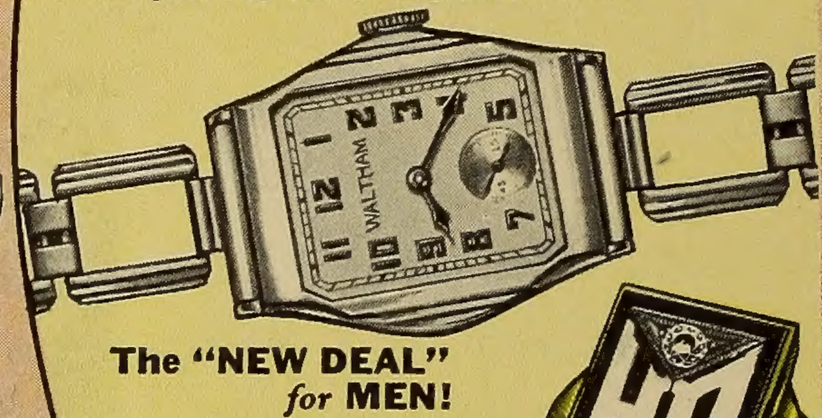

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